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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

AT THIS, the fourth New Year of the Second World War, we can for the first time see over the top of the Hill. We have not surmounted it, but we can see far enough beyond it to be sure that there is not a greater hill on the other side of it that must be surmounted too. Not, that is, in the field of military endeavor. What difficulties lie before us in the way of economic reconstruction, political reorganization, the establishment of the institutions necessary to world peace, we do not know; but that is another story. We failed in that part of the task in 1919 and 1920, but we have learned much since then.

On this subject we have received from an old and valued friend, an eminent scientist and a distinguished soldier in the last war, a letter on the subject of how to organize peace after we have won this war, which we think should be helpful to readers. It is a reply to Mr. Willkie's demand that our governments should say now how they mean to organize peace.

"Another great American, Walt Whitman, wrote: 'By God, I will take nothing for myself that all men may not have the counterpart of on equal terms.' If we, all of us, do 'here highly resolve' to follow that aim it will bring lasting peace, for in so doing we shall realize the Master's word: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.' Than this we need no other war aim, no other plan for peace."

This does not exclude the punishment of wrongdoing. It excludes only vengeance.

BIG FACTOR IN REDUCING ALLIED MERCHANT SHIPPING LOSSES OF LATE HAS BEEN IMPROVED DEFENSE EQUIPMENT AND HIGHLY TRAINED GUN CREWS AS PICTURED HERE.

(How Defensively Equipped Merchant Ship gunners are made, page four.)

Nutrition Campaign

THIS weekly believes itself largely responsible for the current interest of intelligent Canadians in nutrition and the pay-as-you-go income tax, two rather unrelated subjects which have little in common except that they both need the interest of intelligent citizens if anything is to be done about them. That, we may say, is one of the chief objects of this weekly—to arouse the interest of intelligent citizens in subjects about which nothing can be done without such interest, and about which in our opinion something ought to be done.

There are always plenty of such subjects, but they change from time to time, and one of our most difficult tasks is deciding what the next subject is going to be. A year or two ago, when unintelligent people, in the belief that Herr Hitler was on the point of successfully invading Canada, were demanding that civil liberties be forgotten until after the war, we felt very strongly that civil liberties were becoming a subject in which intelligent people would have to take an interest. We tried to get them to do so, and we are glad to say that they responded, with the result that civil liberties seem considerably more secure than they were, although never so secure that one should feel entitled to go away and forget about them.

A little later it began to become evident that the officiousness of bureaucrats was going to need the attention of intelligent Canadians, and we proceeded to ask for that attention. We are far from suggesting that the result was the abolishment of the officiousness of bureaucrats; but there is a good deal more awareness of it than there was, and a lot more sense of the danger to freedom and progress that lies in that officiousness, and we think that the bureaucrats are going to move more cautiously as a result, and to abandon some of their plans for digging themselves in not only for the duration but also for the post-war.

The pay-as-you-go income tax is the latest of our subjects, and we have to confess quite freely that we got it from an American gentleman named Ruml who has been advocating the same thing in the United States and has got a lot of intelligent Americans interested. So many intelligent Canadians have become interested in it, partly through us and partly through Mr. Ruml, that we think there is a good chance that Canada may get it. As for the nutrition campaign which is now under way with the completest of blessings from the Dominion government, we began asking intelligent Canadians to be interested in that many months ago, on the strength of representations made to us by Canadian scientists and strongly approved by some of the most brilliant health authorities in Great Britain and the United States. It is going to effect what is probably the most radical change in the living habits of a nation that has ever been brought about by the conscious effort of its rulers and its scientific and intellectual leaders; a change which should add immensely to the health, happiness and productive efficiency of our people. The scientific knowledge upon which it is based is of very recent acquisition, and no small part of it is due to the researches of Canada's own experts—as is not unreasonable in a country which ranks high among the great food producers of the world. By the New Year of 1944 Canada should be both producing and consuming a more nutritive line of foodstuffs than ever before in her history; and between that diet and the energy-producing quality of our climate we ought in ten years to have a race of Canadians who can lick—but of course by that time there will be no occasion for licking anybody except in the way of kindness, so let us merely say that we shall have a race of super-Canadians.

4 Billion Eggs

See article and pictures on page 5

A Ban Reversed

OWING to the holiday this week a portion of this issue had to be put to press a trifle earlier than usual, and in some copies the reader will find on page three an article on the banning of the new Ottawa war film by the Ontario Government, which not only deplores that action but predicts that it will not be reversed. Whether Mr. Hepburn got wind of this circumstance, and, with his customary desire to put us in the wrong, decided that Monday evening was the proper time to reverse it, we cannot tell; but anyhow that is when he did it, thus enabling us to catch up on him on this page, which is one of the last to go to press. He usually waits until Wednesday evening, by which time the whole paper has gone to press. He explains that the film was never banned, which is no doubt perfectly correct; all that his statement of Christmas week did was to give the reasons why it was going to be banned.

We congratulate Mr. Grierson as producer of the film, Mr. Conant as head of the Ontario Government, the Ontario Board of Film Censors, the Ontario public and everybody else on a very satisfactory conclusion of a very sad affair. We should congratulate Mr. Hepburn also, if this were his first reversal; but we have a feeling that he is overdoing the reversing business.

Variety in Unity

WHY do we complain about divisions of thought and custom in Canada? Isn't it true that uniformity means slavery? Certainly it means just that in Germany. The ordinary citizen, wise or foolish, must suppress or deny his inner thoughts and feelings, in order to square himself with the official idea. It recalls the bed of Procrustes, every prospective sleeper being shortened or stretched to fit it.

If government means that, then government is a black tyranny. There is a type-German, but there's not a type-Englishman. The Limehouse cockney and the Lancashire man are as far apart as the poles, and who would imagine that a Zummerset laborer and a Birmingham trades-union official were full brothers of Gracie Fields?

Or consider the United States, with Southern colonels, and Harvard men, with New York advertising men and mid-west farmers, with ten thousand variations of humanity united in one thing only, that they are American citizens.

"Canadian" is a term including French and Icelandic, Scottish and Irish, English and Ukrainian, and as many religions as can be crowded into several of the tight pages of the Canadian Almanac. The country is a physical composite of all nations and all types of thinking. Some day—not yet, unfortunately—it will be a spiritual composite. Meanwhile each group and perhaps each individual has something of value to contribute to the common stock. All men, living freely under Law; that's the ideal for Canada, and for all the world.

Economic Error

MR. KING fell into an economic error when he assumed, in his broadcast about the liquor traffic, that advertising has no purpose if it is not needed for the immediate promotion of sales. True, it is an error into which quite a number of practical business men have also fallen at times, so that he need not be too greatly blamed for it; but they have always had reason to regret their mistake later on.

The truth is that in a free competitive society one of the most important assets of any business enterprise is the accumulated goodwill attaching to its products or services, and that to leave those products unadvertised is to invite the decay of that goodwill. It makes no difference that at the moment production may be so restricted that it cannot meet the current demand. If there is going to come a time when production can again be expanded, the goodwill will be largely dissipated when that time arrives unless it is kept alive by the customary means. Indeed a period during which the article is more or less unobtainable is one in which there is more need than ever for advertising, for current sales are themselves a partial builder of goodwill, and if there are no sales and no advertising the deterioration of goodwill is bound to be very rapid.

(*Continued on Page Three*)

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Symbolical of Russia's large-scale and relentless offensives against the Nazis is this picture of Red Army troops attacking a German-held hilltop position. Early this week the Soviet armies were still making their amazing advances, most spectacular success of which was trapping of 300,000 Germans between Kotelnikovski and the Don-Volga River pocket.

In Russian areas liberated by the Red Army, Soviet Government houses like the one above at the right are replacing earthen huts and dugouts once occupied by villagers unable to flee before German invasion.

Carol of The Homeless

BY FRANCES RUSSELL

UNDER the stars the night is cold,
But we lie warm as sheep in the fold:
Safe in the shelter's depth we lie
From wings that come on the winter sky.
Our warden shepherds watch the height,
And the heavenly wings are here tonight.

Brother, I have not house or hall,
Hut nor hovel, nothing at all,
Never a roof to feast you under
On the morrow of joy and wonder:
Only my heart to open wide—
And I find there's a power of room inside!
Brother, bring you a Guest will dwell!
Sing nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.

Gift of darkness filled with light,
Gift of wrong to sharpen the right,
Gift of tenderness born of grief,
Riches of poverty, past belief;
Gift of horror to teach us mirth,
Gift of death to bring us to birth.

Brother, our foes are blessed in this,
And we and they are bidden to bliss:
We and they are called together
Into a stable, out of the weather,
There, on our knees, to look and see
The grace of a Child's humility.
Brother, He saw and conquered hell.
Sing nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.

Tomorrow we build anew, they say,
And yet tomorrow begins today;
Was ever so merry or mad a thing
As that strange song the angels sing
Of peace on the earth and kindly men?
And shall *we* compass a marvel, then?

Brother, haven't you heard it said
How He was a Carpenter, born and bred?
Hand to labor and heart to guide Him,
And longing for us to work beside Him!
Brother, pray that it may befall,
And we be His 'prentices, one and all.
Man, be merry! Here's news to tell—
Sing nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Duties of Political Followers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

POINT No. 14, and last, in Mr. Bracken's speech after he had been selected as leader, reads: "The right of the people to expect from their leaders a determined effort to disencumber society from the barriers to world trade, world progress and world peace, *and the right of these leaders to expect something more than passive support in getting them removed.*"

The latter part of this sentence has inspired this letter. Of late we have been warned many times by speakers and writers of what we must do to preserve those rights upon which our liberties depend; but the warnings are apparently unheeded. We are inclined to busy ourselves with our personal affairs and leave politics to the politicians. We assume that democracy, having been properly wound up, will continue to function in a perpetual motion fashion. We forget that nothing is static, that all being is becoming. We fail to realize that if decent people take no interest in politics the gap will be filled by those with axes to grind, to the detriment of politicians and politics. Holding correct opinions is futile if these opinions remain inside our own heads. If that is all we can do we are not much more use to the state than dressmakers' dummies. Our rights were not achieved by those who stopped at *holding* good opinions.

Here is an idea which may start us on the right road if it appeal to some moulders of thought. We have the service clubs, the I.O.D.E., trade and professional associations, and the churches. Have political committees organized within these groups. These committees should study politics and politicians, and at times meet with each other and with their parent groups in order to discuss their findings.

Another idea is that Members of Parliament should be required, either before or after election, to have some knowledge of general and economic history.

FRED LAILEY.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Ready for Elections

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WONDER how many citizens in the far reaches of our big country have watched the sequence of events that have taken place within the last three weeks.

(1) About three weeks ago the Secretary of State at Washington stated that any form of international trade transactions after the war must be on a basis of Free Trade.

(2) Next day, a local paper here had a front-page editorial approving the sentiment and agreeing with it. The evening papers made no reference to it, nor has the morning press reverted to it, but—

(3) Prime Minister King at once went to Washington where, so he told reporters on his return, he discussed matters of international moment.

(4) Immediately after his return, the Prime Minister announced to the women of Canada that his Government had reduced the price of milk by two cents a quart, but he did not make it clear to them that they and their husbands would be paying the milk bonus in taxes.

(5) Immediately following Canadian women are told they can't get along on the present pay of their men in the forces, and so the daily rate of pay is to be largely increased.

(6) Before the trip to Washington, it was stated emphatically that the service men would not be paid until after Christmas; now an announcement is given much emphasis by air and press that certainly the men will be paid in plenty of time to spend for Christmas.

(7) The mothers and wives of service men are now told by the Prime Minister that their sons' and husbands' lives are being endangered by excessive intemperance and therefore he is going to protect them by stopping the hateful traffic. In his speech, I noticed that in giving the amount of increase in the *manufacture* of beer he refrained from explaining that such increase in manufacture was to cover the enormous export demand for Canadian beer for use in the desert where it has really been a God-send to parched troops, not only Canadians but British and Americans.

(8) In order to placate the people who are holding him in power, the Prime Minister has called out married men all over Canada rather than put into effect the free hand for conscription given him by the nation last spring by the costly Plebiscite.

(9) All that remains is for Ottawa to take a Gallup Poll to see who guesses right as to the date in March when the Prime Minister, having thus stopped all the holes in his political fences, will announce his appeal to the country to return him by a general election before the re-organized Conservative Party can get into full swing.

Montreal, Que. FRANK WISE

Mr. Wise's letter was written long before the publication of our leading article of last week, but did not reach us in time for insertion in that issue. He is entitled to full credit for an independent prophecy—if the prophecy turns out to be any good.—Ed.

Communist Creed

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. WATSON KIRKCONNELL'S article in your December 12 issue, "Our Communist Revolutionaries Are Not Russian," is such a hodge-podge of what President Roosevelt once described as "weasel words," in addition to being what I believe to be the statement of a reactionary credo, that only an article could do justice to a reply. But I think the following facts are due your readers, in view of the fact that on the distortions contained in the Kirkconnell article the Professor bases much of his argumentation, if not his opinions.

(1) The actual wording from the "Fighter's Notebook" has been altered by Mr. Kirkconnell. To make his point (that the Communists attack fascists here and not Hitler) he inserts the word "our" in the following quotation?

"Question: What is Fascism? Answer: Fascism is the savage rule of the most reactionary section of *our* Big Business."

In the "Notebook," the word "our" does not appear. Of course, Mr. Kirkconnell's theses about "Fascism of the Left" would not have been strengthened by stating that the "Notebook" was repudiated, immediately after publication, by Tim Buck in a letter to the Prime Minister and to the Canadian Press. Hence, he omitted that.

(2) In his quotation from the Theses and Statutes of the Communist International anent the landed peasantry, Mr. Kirkconnell deliberately strives to give the impression that Lenin, who wrote the Theses, held this opinion about "private farmers" as a whole. This is not so. Lenin quite distinctly here refers to the kulaks, the budding landlords, and just as distinctly in the same resolution argues for the closest political and economic co-operation with the mass of the peasantry, the poor and "middle" strata.

(3) In his yardstick measurement of the space devoted by the Canadian Russian paper "Vestnik" to events in Russia, he failed to point out that the issue quoted was published on the 25th anniversary of the Russian revolution, on which date most Canadian journals devoted much space to the birthday of our Ally. His measurements were consequently unworthy of a man of academic standing.

Mr. Kirkconnell is not a stranger to such literary tricks. In his book "Canada, Europe and Hitler" (1939), on page 91, he quotes what purports to be a statement by Stalin in his speech at the 18th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in March, 1939.

Here is the statement attributed to Stalin:

"The principal task of party members ought to be to facilitate the explosion of the general war. The direct resumption of an extension of revolutionary action will be possible only if we succeed in exploiting the antagonisms between the capitalistic states in order to plunge them into an armed struggle between themselves.

I have before me a pamphlet, published in 1939 by the New Era Publishers, carrying in full the official version of Stalin's speech at the party congress. The minutest search does not reveal a single thought, let alone a word, of Stalin's which bears the faintest resemblance to Mr. Kirkconnell's purported quotation. In fact, Stalin's famous four points of foreign policy are in direct opposition to the above "quotation."

What can one conclude from such literary methods as these?

Toronto, Ont. LESLIE MORRIS.

• •

THE BEER IN ENGLAND

"I WONDER what the beer is like in England,
And whether cigarettes are hard to get,
And if the girl I left behind in England
Is going about with other airmen yet."

"The beer, my friend, is getting worse in England
But still remains the world's best beer by far;
And fags, because they're hard to get in England,
Taste sweeter than they did before the war.

I'm sure your girl is going about with airmen—
Perhaps with soldiers and with sailors too.
I'm sorry—but when you return to England
You'll find that she has quite forgotten you."

"Oh take me then, oh take me back to England,
Back to the land of pubs and rich dark ale,
Safe in the knowledge that she has forgotten
This single, weddable, unwilling male."

HUBERT V. JACQUES.

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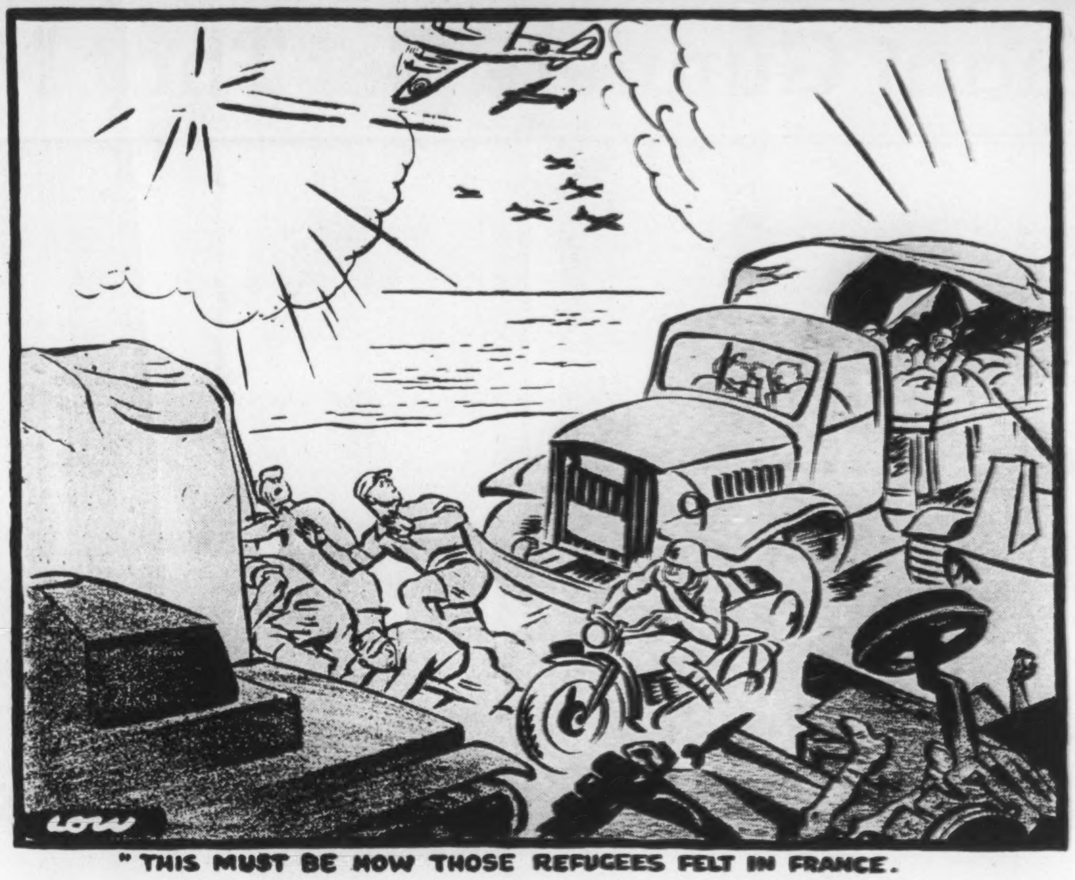
THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

This periodical has no interest whatever in the specific case of the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages, for it is published in a province in which they are prohibited from advertising by government regulation, a survival of the era of total prohibition; and we have never found it necessary to go through the form of removing our place of publication to another province to evade that regulation. But we are greatly interested in the general economic proposition of which this is merely a particular case. If it is going to become a government doctrine that no enterprise shall be allowed to advertise (or to include advertising as a legitimate cost of business) unless that advertising is needed for the immediate enhancement of current sales, we are in for a sort of economic earthquake, in which a great many fine old business enterprises, built up by years of study of the consumer's requirements, will be toppled over, and new enterprises which have made no such contribution in the past will reap the harvest which the old ones sowed.



"THIS MUST BE HOW THOSE REFUGEES FELT IN FRANCE."

Our Minority

THERE was at one time a movement, which had strong and energetic supporters in Canada but never succeeded in enlisting the main body of Canadian opinion, for the establishment of some form of Imperial Federation in which the people of the United Kingdom would have joined with Canadians, Australians and South Africans and probably the citizens of other British possessions, in the election of a common Parliament for the transaction of their common business, notably that relating to defence. It was a scheme whose merits and values were very obvious, although obviously accompanied by certain demerits and minus values. But it never commended itself to the great majority of even the most British and "Empire-minded" element of the Canadian people; and unquestionably the consideration which had the greatest weight in their minds was the fact that the Dominions would for some time to come be in a constant minority in the consolidated Commonwealth, even on questions about which they all held the same view, while on questions about which they held different views they would always be overruled by the solid vote of the United Kingdom. Canadians in other words objected to the scheme because it would place them and their taxable wealth under a sovereignty in which they would never have more than a minority voice. Their views and their interests, they believed, differed in too many and too important respects from those of the majority in such a sovereignty, for them to be willing to accept the minority position.

R.C.A.F. STUDENT PILOT

THERE! There he is! The plane that dips its wings
And weaves persistent circles overhead!
I scarcely had conceived the thrill it brings
To know it's he—doing just the things he said.
Remember how he always longed to fly,
Made model planes to soar upon the air?
And now his play ground is a winter sky,
And he can climb the sunset's cloudy stair.

I wonder what he thinks as he looks down
Upon the streets he played in as a boy.
And from his careful height above the town,
Our house must seem an unsubstantial toy . . .
And standing here upon the leaf-strewn grass,
I wave and call "Hi, Pilot!" as you pass.

CLARA BERNHARDT.

We could wish that Empire-minded Canadians would recall this circumstance in their history when they come to consider the position of French Canada in the Canadian Confederation; for the position of French Canada is in many respects similar to that which Canada would have occupied in Imperial Federation. The kind of community which French Canada wants to develop is not identical with that which English Canada wants to develop. The kind of place in the world that French Canada desires to occupy is not identical with the kind of place that English Canada desires to occupy. This is not to say that either of them is more wrong or more right than the other, it is merely to say that French Canada is not English Canada, any more than Canada is the United Kingdom.

French Canada accepted, and accepts, its minority position, but always with a lively consciousness that it is a minority position. That part of the country which refused, and refuses, to accept a minority position in an Empire Federation should not be too resentful about this consciousness, which is quite inevitable and quite excusable. (The only way to avoid it would be for French Canada to cease being a minority, either by growing to a majority or by leaving the Dominion.) A minority is, by reason of its consciousness of being a minority, always on the defensive, always jealous of the most infinitesimal of its rights, always trying to convert a conventional courtesy accorded by the majority into a right for the minority. To the members of the majority this looks like an ungracious performance; but it is perfectly natural, and to the minority it looks like nothing more than an insistence upon justice.

It is important that the members of a majority should bear in mind that the position of a minority is never entirely enviable, even though it may be better than getting out and setting up as a majority in a smaller political entity. Minorities sometimes do get out; and a majority which wants its minority to stay with it should try to make it as contented as possible with its minority position.

Mr. Conant's Policies

MR. CONANT'S Government—we are assuming that it is Mr. Conant's Government in spite of the unusual circumstances—gave us last week one occasion for the highest approval, and one for the renewal of an old and very serious protest. The appointment of Chief Justice Robertson to the Board of Governors of Toronto University was exactly the kind of thing we expect from a self-respecting Government seriously concerned for the best interests of the province's greatest educational institution—of which, of course, Mr. Conant is himself a distinguished graduate. The banning of the Ottawa Film Board's movie on Canada's war effort was exactly the kind of thing we expected from the previous Government and hoped we need not expect from this one.

Mr. Conant's Minister in charge of film censorship has several times informed us that his censors have a ruling against films which contain propaganda for a political party. Either the other provinces of Canada are less solicitous to protect the minds of their people, or they are less keen to scent political propaganda where Ontario has no trouble in discerning it; for Ontario has several times banned or delayed the production of films which elsewhere in Canada have passed without let or hindrance. The film now in question, according to the Minister, contains misrepresentations. Since no specific items of misrepresentation are mentioned, and we have not been permitted to see the film ourselves, and the attitude of the Minister towards productions emanating from Ottawa is fairly familiar, this does not impress us greatly.

Mr. Coldwell, leader of the C.C.F., thinks that Ontario should rise up in protest against this undemocratic suppression of a national document. Mr. Coldwell comes from Saskatchewan, where they are probably less used to undemocratic suppressions. In Ontario we have long been used to Governments which suppress all sorts of things under the pretext of protecting our minds, our morals, our manufacturing activity or our gold mining industry. Besides, what use would it be for Ontario to rise up—at least until the next general elections, when we hope it will? (We are not, it appears, to be allowed any by-elections.) The only thing that could do us any good about this film would be for Mr. Conant's Cabinet to overrule his Minister in charge of film censorship. In view of the unusual circumstances referred to in our first sentence above, this would be extremely difficult.

Absent Friends

AN ASSOCIATION of Methodist Ministers was formed in Toronto in 1880. For one of the meetings the president failed to appear. A temporary chairman was appointed and two of the resolutions adopted and written into the minutes here follow:

"1. That we regret the absence of the President from this meeting and do not deem the reason sent a sufficient one.

"2. That recognizing the importance of the Association we deplore the absence of so many of the senior brethren."

Nowadays in any social circle these minutes will seem to have a comic flavor. Some one may say with a smile: "The assurance of these pastors, imagining themselves and their debating club to be important!"

There's another side to it; not at all comic. Sixty years ago men had a livelier sense of personal responsibility than is common nowadays. Now no one is surprised if the important officers of a club or committee or association stay away from the meetings. Any excuse would be accepted; if an excuse were sent. Certainly no condemnation would appear in the minutes. We're too careless ourselves to complain of carelessness, and too impolite to mark discourtesy in others.

Co-operation of any sort ought to be founded in courtesy; otherwise it cannot succeed. In these furious times when so much depends on co-operative action, a man is elected to a committee dealing with Civic or National affairs. He doesn't attend, and so insults the men who elected him and stamps himself as a useless tool.

The service clubs have the right idea. They fine a member who imagines that his own amusement or his own business is more important than the business of the club. Or consider a church with a thousand members and a normal congregation of four or five hundred. Why did the absentees join if they weren't interested?

Maybe these ministers of 1880 had the right idea.

THE PASSING SHOW

WHAT will happen after the war? Well, for one thing, a lot of us will be reading hard to find out what happened during it.

•

Dr. Conboy, a dentist, has been elected mayor of Toronto for a third term. He seems to have found a cavity that takes a lot of filling.

•

In Washington the Budget Bureau is going to look over all inquiries sent out by government departments to make sure that they are worth-while. Hurrah! The questionnaire to question all questionnaires.

•

This week saw the centenary of the birth of the composer of the music of "O Canada." But almost every week sees a centenary of the birth of the author of an English version of the words.

•

All the Santa Clauses in the department stores were supplied by Selective Service, and all their costumes were regulated by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. The government looks after everything but the "Ho,Ho!"

•

Short Poem by the Hon. M. H-pb-rn

What's this? Another Ottawa film?
And Bill King's picture, too? Let's kill 'em!

•

From a careful reading of Premier Tojo's speech we gather that he doesn't expect much help from Italy.

•

Add similes: Like a red rag to a bull, or the prospect of peace to an assistant deputy controller.

•

The last war ended handles on names in Canada, and this one has ended handles on cups.

•

Ottawa despatch says Mr. King is not thinking of retiring. And apparently Mr. Meighen has given up thinking of retiring him.

•

Stephen Leacock says that the restoration of gold is the world's first task. Well, the government might begin by restoring a little to us; we had some once but it was a long time ago.

•

The Irreconcilables

"Oh, this is how we'll mend the world
  What time the fight is over,
When battle-flags are neatly furled
  And bluebirds come to Dover."

"No, no! Your plan is juvenile,
  Soft-headed and romantic.
We need the realistic style
  Stern as the North Atlantic."

And so the argument went on,
  All compromise rejected,
Till every hope of peace was gone
  And weapons were selected.

Ah, when the guns are still we'll face
  A period to be dreaded,
For, oh, the well-known human race
  Is dull, and camel-headed.

J. E. M.

•

Life gets more and more complicated. Brides used to be told that all they had to do was feed the brute, but now they have to give him nutrition.

•

They may have the same initials, but there is a long distance between a Progressive Conservative and a Privy Councillor.

•

Principal James of McGill is head of the national Committee on Reconstruction. We picture the demobilized Canadian army saying to him at the end of the war, "Home, James."

•

Proposal for advisory councils to keep an eye on the dependencies of the British Empire should please the Americans. There's nothing they like more than being advisory.

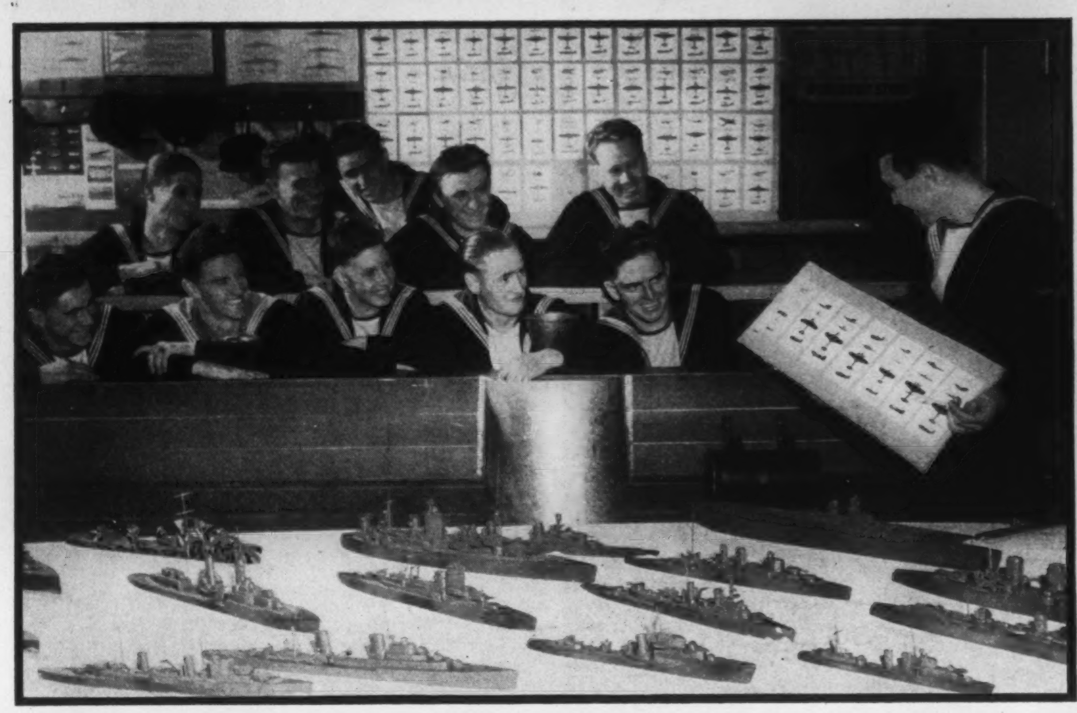
•

The Japanese are being warned not to look for an early victory. We see no reason why they shouldn't look for it, but they will waste an awful lot of time.

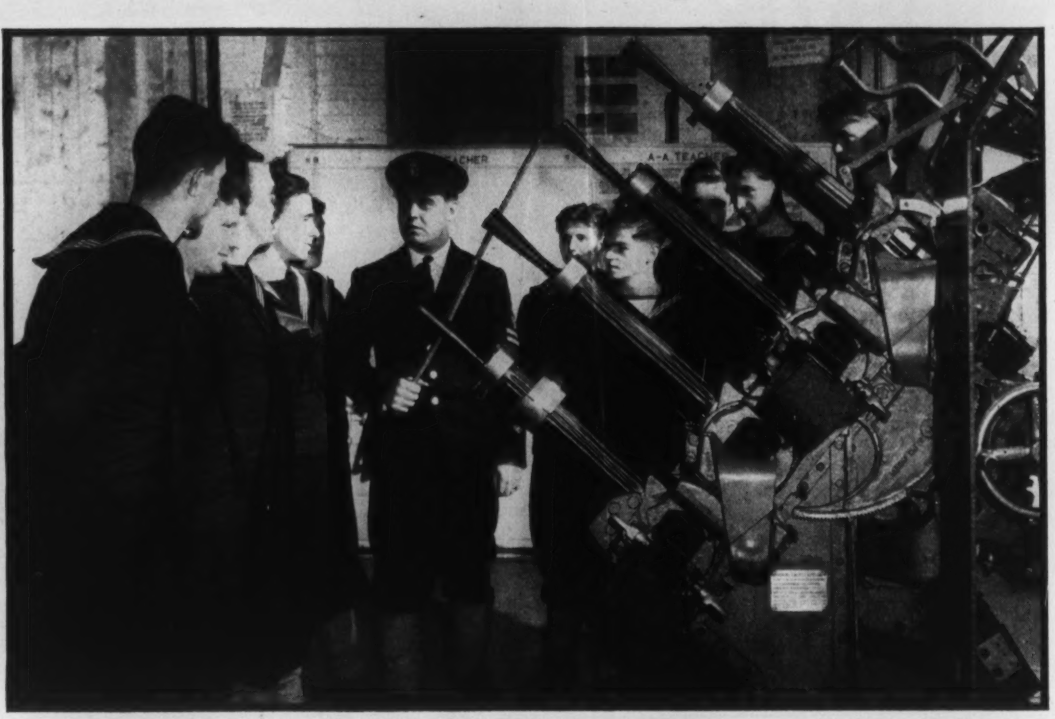
•

That "light" earthquake reported by the Ottawa seismograph last week was probably just the bureaucrats trembling at Mr. Bracken's speech.

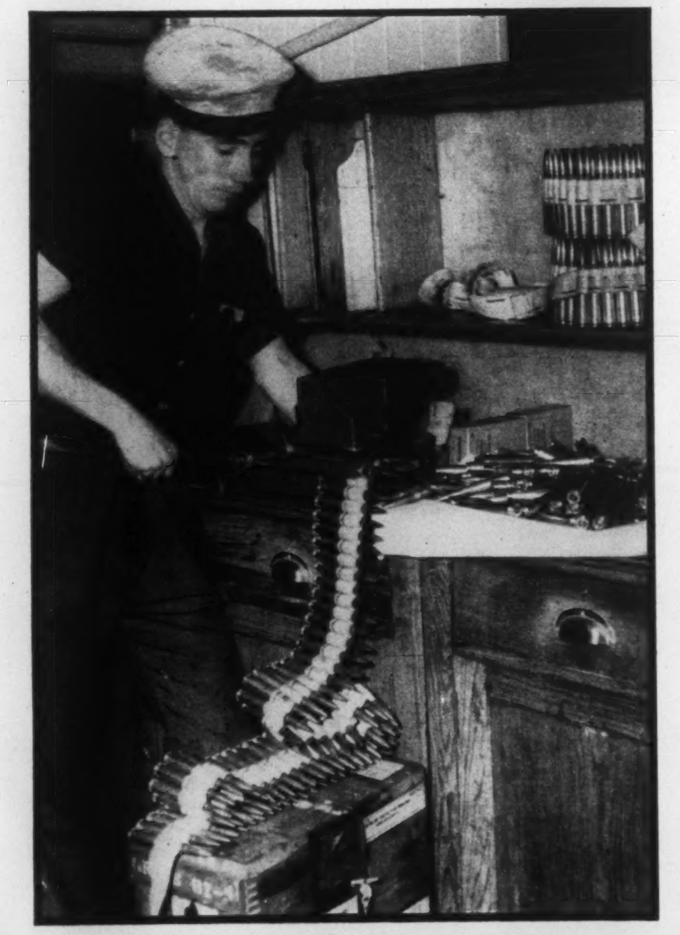
Where Merchant Gunners Get That Navy "Touch"



Important part of an A/A gunner's training: recognition of enemy aircraft by outlines.



Close attention is paid as Petty Officer explains operation of four barrelled A/A gun.



Bad medicine for enemy bombers: loading ammunition belts, an unexciting but necessary task.

DEFENSIVELY Equipped Merchant Ships, "DEMS" to those whose job it is to keep them serviced and their guns manned, are ships of the Merchant Navy. DEMS include in their number almost every Allied merchant vessel in service today, and the job of arming them and training crews to fight them has been one of the great unending tasks of the war.

After Dunkirk, when Britain had soldiers but lacked arms for them, the British turned back the calendar 300 years and revived the famed maritime regiments of the 17th century—today they are artillerymen who make up many of the crews for the guns on merchant ships.

Gun crews aboard merchant ships now are supplied in varying numbers by the Navy, the Army, and the Merchant Navy itself, and to the merchant seamen and their officers has gone the vital task of manning the light anti-aircraft guns which help defend the mercantile ship from the sea-going bomber.

DEMS A/A gunners are trained ashore by Naval gunnery officers and ratings who are experts in the science of combating the 300-mile-an-hour threat to the safety of ocean convoys. The Royal Canadian Navy's DEMS Anti-Aircraft School's system of instruction has followed closely the pattern adopted in Britain during the days when German bombers launched their first heavy attacks on merchant shipping.

While their ships are in port merchant seamen and officers go ashore for a series of lectures and practical instruction in the maintenance of machine guns and are shown movies which give graphic instruction in shooting over sights at fast-moving targets—lessons that would be revelations to skeet-shooting and duck-hunting enthusiasts.

On the final day of their course the trainees go to sea aboard a training ship for practical instruction on the types of guns they will use on their own ships. Then, equipped with certificates of proficiency they go back to their ships, back to a boost in pay as seamen gunners if they are volunteers from the fo'scle. Custom has made it an accepted duty for officers to handle A/A guns when the ship is under attack. They take the DEMS course as a matter of routine.

British, Norse, Dutch, Poles, Yugo-Slavs, Free French, and Belgians—all have attended the A/A school where lectures are given in three languages (British, Norwegian and Dutch). More come every week, sandwiching lessons in self-defence between the coming and going of convoys. Thus do they add the Navy "touch" to their marksmanship.

Pictures by Malak, Ottawa.

Proficiency in the use of the range-finder is a "must" for seamen who aim to be DEMS gunners.

Aboard training ship for practical instruction, trainees learn "feel" of a Bofors gun.

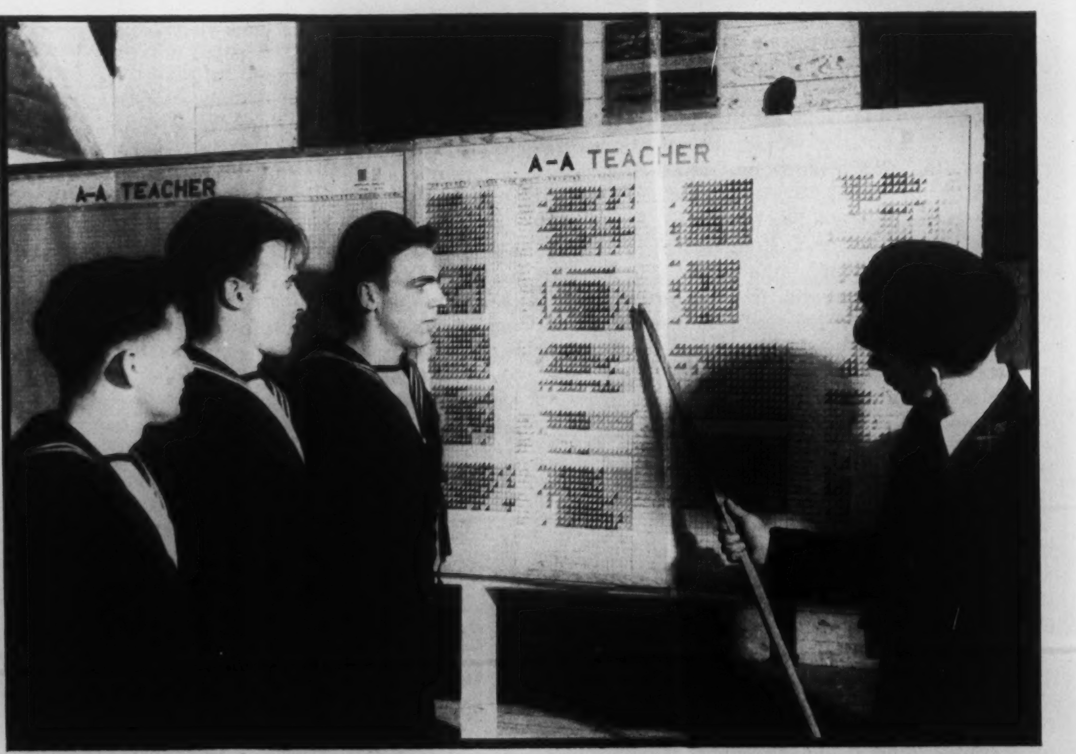


Chart tells the story: these DEMS gunners learn how well they've done in marksmanship.

In 1943, Our Hens Must Lay Four Billion Eggs!

At Central Experimental Farm, eggs are checked to determine hens' productive ability.

Each chick is identified by a numbered leg band and its parentage carefully registered.

At the Experimental Farm, all eggs are laid in trapnests and credited to hens producing them.

AN EGG laid today, if placed in an incubator, will produce, exactly 21 days hence, a full formed baby chick in full possession of its senses, and capable of coordinated movement. This rapid and miraculous transformation of the inert food elements of the egg into living protoplasm is possible only because the egg possesses an abundance of all the food elements needed for the manufacture and maintenance of living tissue. Small wonder then that eggs are an indispensable item in our wartime diet.

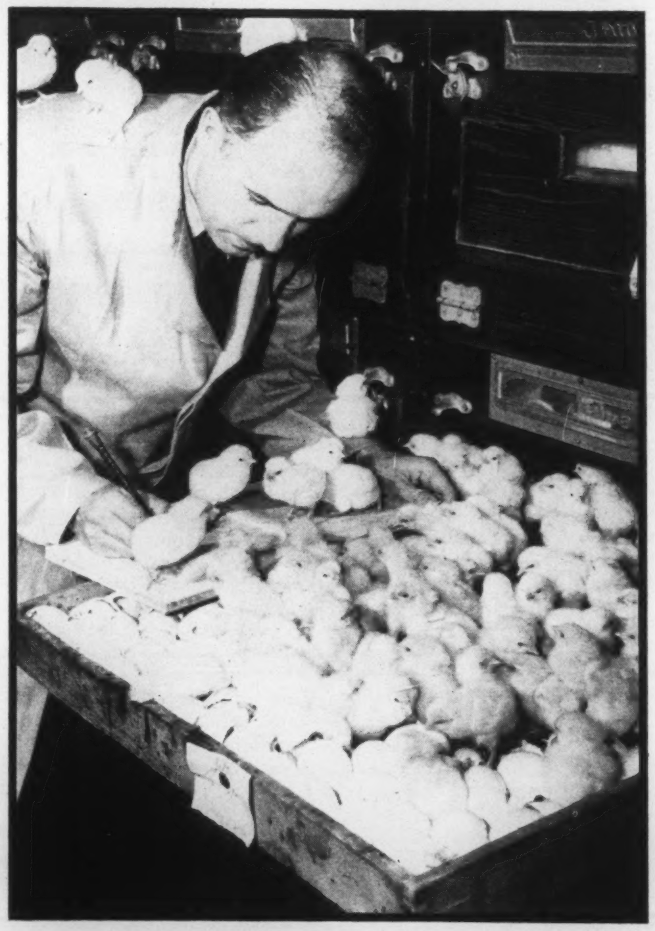
In 1942, Canadian hens produced over 3½ billion eggs. Even so, this was not sufficient to supply Britain's needs and at the same time satisfy Canada's prodigious domestic requirements for more than 3 billion. Nearly ½ billion were sent to Britain, mostly in dried and powdered form to conserve shipping space. In 1943, Canada is required to produce over 4 billion eggs.

To help Canadian poultrymen achieve this wartime goal, the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa and 22 branches across Canada are intensively studying production methods. Basic to the fundamental laboratory research is the advanced breeding policy being conducted under direction of Dr. S. S. Munro, poultry geneticist. This scheme, believed to be the most advanced of its type in the world, selects key breeding birds by means of a very strict progeny test and then combines their blood into a central superior flock from which individual males are redistributed to the branch farms for further testing.

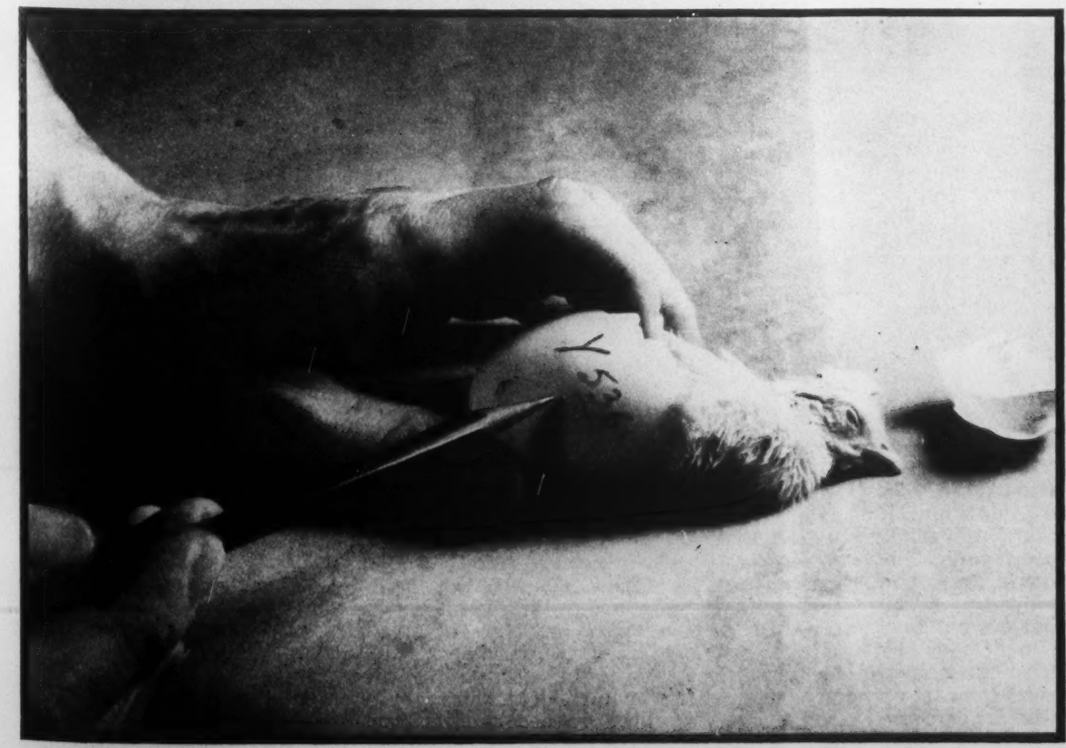
The Ottawa farm is also testing the commercial utility of hens possessing new combinations of hereditary factors. A great deal of precise information exists concerning the inheritance of feather, flesh and egg colour, egg size, body weight and meat type, and Dr. Munro believes that insufficient practical use has been made of this knowledge.

Many separate lines of poultry research, all designed to aid efficiency of production, are pursued by scientists at the Ottawa farm. A recent discovery of immediate practical value is that the structure of the egg shell is related to hatchability. In order to determine hatching power of the fresh egg without breaking it, a simple specific gravity test involving buoyancy of the egg in salt solutions of known density has been developed. In large scale tests, selection of eggs by this method has been found to produce three more chicks per 100 eggs. This means that Canada's annual crop of 80 million chicks can be produced at a saving of 10 million fresh eggs.

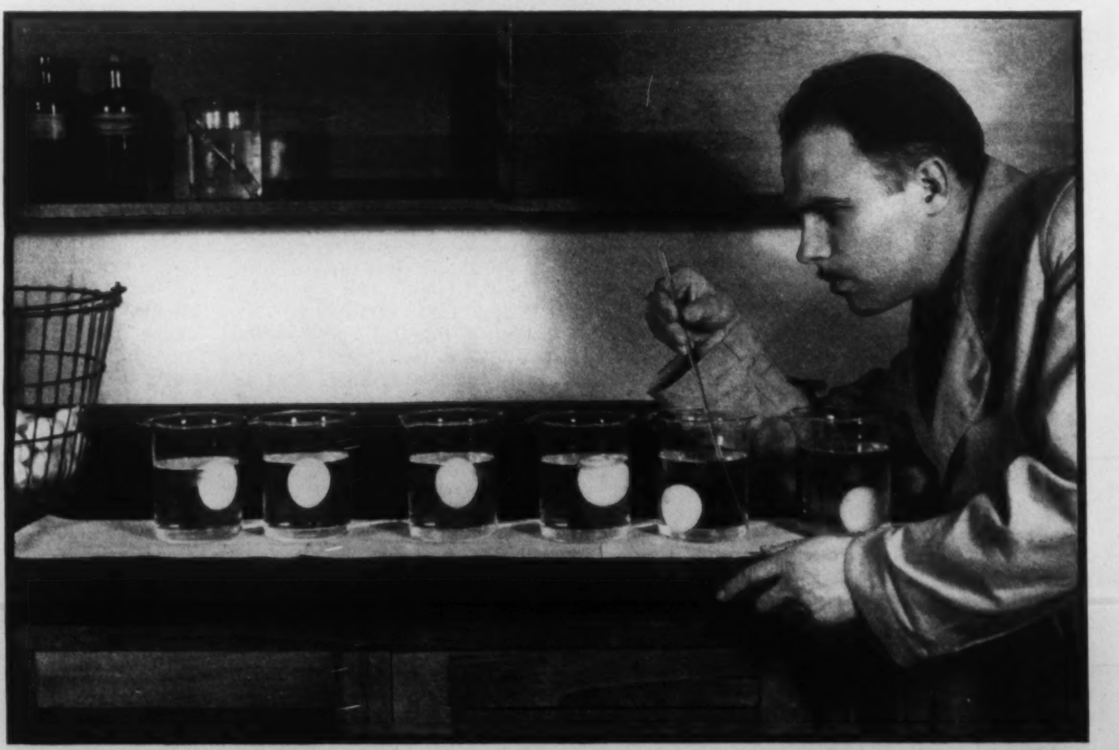
Pictures by Malak, Ottawa.



Healthy, vigorous breeding stock, properly fed, produced this better than 70% incubator hatch.



Number of hen is marked on each egg so parentage of each chick is known when hatched.



Dr. Munro uses a specific gravity test to ascertain the "hatchability" of fresh eggs.

Wartime Nutrition Gains Promise Much for Peace

BY HIRAM McCANN

Managing Editor, "Food in Canada"

The science of nutrition has made big strides in this war and is doing a big job, one that will carry over into peacetime to improve the health and efficiency of all the people.

Scientific feeding is not only keeping the physically-fit boys in the fighting services at peak efficiency, but—and more significant—it is bringing below-par boys up to required standards of fitness.

Canada's Army, Navy and Air Force are probably the best fed in the world. In most cases their men are better off nutritionally than they ever were at home.

Webb Hall, in the former C.N.E. grounds at Toronto, is the largest army dining hall in the Empire. Here Hon. Albert Matthews, the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and Major-General C. F. Constantine try the food.

The leading hand on a Canadian corvette, his rank indicated by anchor on sleeve, carves the Christmas turkey. After dinner the leading hand in each mess will wash up — his special Christmas duty by tradition.

"THERE'S nothin' to it", said the Messing Officer at the Air Training School. "Take that young flight sergeant over there. He's one of a group takin' night flying instruction just now and the M.O. told me the other morning that we had to step up their vitamin A and riboflavin intake, not because they were short of 'em for normal life but because their eyesight had to be perfect and then some on that job. Simple as A.B.C. We just increased their milk and cheese diet".

"But", we asked, "suppose a fellow doesn't like milk or cheese?"

"Well — most Canadian boys do. But even if they don't, they get 'em, because our cooks are taught plenty of ways of putting protective foods into these boys' diets so they'll enjoy them. If they don't want to drink milk I can always get it into their food without their knowing it."

The above is cited merely as a minor illustration of our major point: that the science of nutrition as applied to the selection and the preparation of food for the R.C.A.F., the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Navy is not only helping to keep our boys at peak efficiency but is liable to have far-reaching effects on the future everyday lives of all of us. As a matter of fact, the present magnificent health standing of our armed forces is one of the biggest "selling" points that Canada's national nutrition program, which begins this week, could have. While severe medical tests for entrance to the forces have been to some extent responsible for this high standing, the fact remains that the improvement in health attributable to the application of proper nutritional knowledge after the boys had joined up makes it unthinkable that this country should ever again find itself, as it did in 1940, with so many young men below A category.

Different Needs

The three services have different nutritional needs, and their needs in this war are vastly different from those in the last. A mechanized army does not need to be fed quite so much from the standpoint of heavy muscular labor as would a non-mechanized army. And a fighter pilot or a rear gunner in a bomber needs still less work-energy food but more nutritional protection for his nerves, his eyes, his heart and his lungs. The Navy's needs, because of storage and preparation difficulties, are still different and nutrition work for the R.C.N. is entirely separate from that of the Army and the Air Force.

The man who feeds the Canadian Army is Lieut. Col. C. S. Jones, director of supplies and accommodation. The men who advise on what and how the Army and Air Force shall be fed are members of the Standing Committee on Nutrition for the Army and Air Force under the chairmanship of Dr. Andrew Hunter, Professor of Pathological Chemistry at the University of Toronto. On this committee sit three representatives from the Quartermaster-General's office, two representatives of the Director-General of Medical Services Army; two representatives of the Director of Medical Services Air; one representative of the Department of Agriculture; two representatives of the National Research Council; one of the Department of Pensions & National Health; and three non-official experts: Dr. E. W. McHenry, University of Toronto; Dr. J. D. Thompson, McGill University; Dr. H. Wasteneys, University of Toronto. Dr. F. F. Tisdall who, as Wing Commander Tisdall, has done a tremendous job on Air Force nutrition, acts for both R.C.A.F. and the Army.

The Standing Committee has been responsible, in adding to the effort of the National Research Council in the same direction, for a considerably revised standard army ration with alternatives which make it as good as any in the world. The alternatives were especially important when it came to feeding the boys in the British Empire Air Training Program, because Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Englishmen, and other Commonwealth members with amazingly different eating habits and conflicting tastes had to be brought into some sort of standard which would provide maximum nutrition and still bring pleasure when the call came from the cookhouse door.

Nutritional Deficiencies

Nutritional deficiencies in the Army and Air Force were found by medical officers to be remarkably similar to those apparent in the nation as a whole from surveys made in recent years. The intake of vitamins A, B_1, B_2 and especially C and, as mentioned above, certain classes of effort required special nutritional procedure. A comparison of the present standard ration with that in effect in 1918 shows meat cut from 16 to 12 ounces daily, bread cut from 16 to 12 ounces daily, milk doubled in quantity and either fresh, pasteurized, or irradiated whole evaporated used, eggs, canned tomatoes, solid materials and fresh fruits duly placed on the list and in good quantity. To make sure that the soldier's diet shall be at all times nutritionally adequate, certain commodities have been made compulsory issues.

The cereals and the compulsory switch from white to vitamin B or brown bread helps to take care of the B_1 deficiency; the canned tomatoes and the fresh fruits and vegetables are doing what was necessary to the vitamin C content of Army and Air Force diets; upping the milk intake and adding eggs has helped overcome the vitamin A and riboflavin shortage. No wonder it's a well-fed Army! And the recent development of "iron" or emergency rations to be used by men in the field where other food might be unobtainable, and the "mess-tin" ration for the use of men cut off from bases for up to 48 hours, is a piece of work on which the Committee can be congratulated. The first is a chocolate bar with an exceptionally high melting point and a whole grain biscuit, the two providing in proper form enough energy to keep a man going for a few hours under strenuous action. The second is carried in the haversack, and is composed of two packages, each of which contains enough concentrated, ready-to-eat food to supply a man's full food requirements for 24 hours.

But the Navy has problems all its own. In the first place sailors seem to eat more! While they are normally content with three meals a day ashore, five is the rule afloat: breakfast, mid-morning "Kie" or cocoa and biscuits, dinner, "Seven Beller" or tea and cheese or cake at 3.30 in the afternoon, and finally supper. It is something of a paradox that the Navy men who need large quantities of food because of the strenuous job they do and the elements with which they have to contend, should have to be fed from supplies which must be kept under storage for quite a length of time and the preparation of which must frequently be accomplished in the face of both hell and high water. Another part of the problem is that Canada's Navy is nearly all brand-new, has increased from 2,000 officers and ratings with 15 ships (only six of which were actual fighting ships) in 1939, to approximately 50,000 officers and ratings with hundreds of ships now, three years later. A brand-new large Navy requires colossal facilities for the feeding of its men if the requirements of sound nutrition are to be met.

The Navy's Diet

The application of the science of nutrition to the diet of the R.C.N. is part of the naval medical service under Surgeon-Captain A. McCallum, Naval M.D.G. All problems of research in the interests of improving the health of sailors come under Surgeon-Commander Charles Best, director of the R.C.N. Medical Research Unit, and a scientist of world renown. The section of the Research Unit which deals with nutrition is under Surgeon-Lieutenant James Campbell, senior officer for the division. Dr. G. W. Eggleton heads the civilian laboratory group which cooperates in nutritional research with the Naval officers.

The first problem which faced Commander Best and Lieut. Campbell was that of revising the diet of the Navy which had not been brought up to date since the last war. (It may be remembered that in 1922 our total naval strength was only 366 officers and ratings). All the weight of food for muscular energy had to be retained but practically the same vitamin deficiencies were found as existed in the Army and Air Force. Today the R.C.N. ration is as good as any in the world and is nutritionally a model studied by other nations.

Changes were made not according to known national deficiencies but after dietary surveys at various naval bases on the coast and after numerous studies made at sea on destroyers and corvettes on the North Atlantic run. The deficiencies found involved certain of the B complex factors, calcium and vitamin C. Special clinical examinations were instituted and these confirmed and extended to findings which could be predicted from the results of the surveys. The barracks diets were quite easily remedied by the addition of fruit juice, milk, whole wheat or vitamin B bread, just as these changes could be made in an army camp. At sea it was an entirely different matter. Fruit juice, if it was to be made available in sufficient quantities, would have to be considerably concentrated; fresh milk was out of the question; storage and cooking facilities on the corvettes were definitely limited.

Milk for the Navy

Yet, research tried out in conjunction with Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander Amos, senior Opthalmologist in the R.C.N. and Dr. Alexander Macdonald of the Banting-Best Department of Medical Research revealed a fairly serious deficiency of riboflavin which affected visual acuity, and this had to be remedied by increasing the Navy's consumption of milk. In particularly severe cases tablets containing pure riboflavin were administered. Lieut. Campbell, working with milk processers, found that a good spray-dried whole milk was just as good as fresh milk from a dietary standpoint and if properly prepared could be made quite as palatable as fresh milk. The trick is to put the water in first, then toss in the milk and whip it up rapidly. Incidentally, the above mentioned report on riboflavin deficiency by Commander Amos, Dr. Macdonald and Commander Best was the first on the subject by any of the armed services of the Allied Nations. Commander Hubbard, command supply officer at Halifax, was a great help in "selling" the idea of milk drinking to the ratings. He convinced the skipper who convinced the junior officer who persuaded the boys to drink the reconstituted spray-dried milk, and present reports from over fifty corvettes are more than favorable.

For the time being it is considered necessary to supplement the ration of corvette crews with vitamin tablets. One of these tablets daily will bring a corvette rating's diet up to the standard in vitamins, and the first supply of R.C.N. vitamin tablets were made available to the Navy through the generosity of Gordon Leitch, president of the Ontario division of the Navy League. Since that first supply, the Navy has taken over the provision of the tablets.

There are other nutritional problems faced by the Navy and by no other service: The provisioning of lifeboats and life rafts; and the setting up of an emergency ration sufficiently concentrated to be carried as small cargo on a corvette and capable of feeding sixty rescued survivors for at least five days. The R.C.N. lifeboat and liferaft rations were scientifically conceived and in many ways set a new pace in food processing. They are high in fat (because of the cold) and low in salt to avoid adding to thirst. They include a chocolate bar ration which has a melting point of almost 200 degrees Fahrenheit compared with the 70 degrees melting point of an ordinary chocolate bar; a quite palatable biscuit, built to last indefinitely, high in soy flour content and high in proteins and fat; malted milk tablets with chocolate flavor; chewing gum; and tinned specially treated water. The complete lifeboat or liferaft ration is sterilized and vacuum-packed in tin. The Navy doesn't do things by halves—there are adequate rations on every raft or lifeboat and they are processed and packaged to last indefinitely. Furthermore, the man who through misfortune has to use them will come through the ordeal of endless hours or days in icy water without suffering from any serious nutritional deficiency.

The Survivor Ration

The survivor ration to be placed aboard corvettes is now being worked out and some suggested samples are currently under test. The men of Canada's Navy are generous to a fault and when a small corvette picks up possibly even more survivors than it has crew, under former conditions the crew went short that the survivors might eat. Ships of the Royal Navy, large and small, victual at Canada's fronts whenever possible. R.N. Medical officers have reported most favorably on this victualling which is the same as that of the R.C.N.

So, brother, if your boy is in Canada's Army, Navy or Air Force, you'll be glad to know that in most cases he is nutritionally better off than he ever was at home!

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Bureaucrats Will Have to be Careful

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE situation on the home front as the war slides into 1943 is much less encouraging than that on the fighting fronts. The home front commanders cannot look forward to any signal victories in the next few months, will do well if they are able to hold their lines, and the possibility of some reverses is definitely in the picture. Rommel's Africa Corps is a pushover for General Montgomery compared with what the cost of living index is for Donald Gordon, and there is no hope at all of any weakening in the inflation camp as there is in the camp of the Axis. Then there is the unsettled question of manpower policy, including Selective Service, and the contingent and now stalled project of industrial and business contraction. The war materials supply problem has eased under direct-action treatment, but troublesome scarcities are developing in essential consumer supplies. And now, to further aggravate conditions on the home front, Mr. Bracken and his new party, with support from certain elements in business, are planning to harry the flanks of the bureaucrats. Altogether, the outlook is far from cheerful.

MR GORDON and the Bank of Canada anti-inflationists have been deeply worried of late about the tendency of the cost of living index to become troublesome again. The desperate moves of December in the subsidizing of food items and the rationing of butter will have been largely futile if the index at the first of February has risen to the point where another increase in the cost-of-living wage bonus is automatically entailed. Another boost in the bonus will increase production and distribution costs of consumer goods, and this in turn will loosen Gordon's ceilings and send the index up again a few months hence, and then there will be another automatic upping of the bonus and the merry-go-round will be in full swing.

So a day-by-day watch is being kept over the index and Gordon has further desperate remedies ready for immediate application if they cannot be avoided. Indeed the danger just now in reporting on the home front is that moves anticipated at the time of writing may be old stuff by the time of publication even though the interval is brief.

THREE weeks or so ago we felt that something would have to be added to early December food price subsidies if the index was to be beaten and that butter rationing seemed the most likely next move. When it came last week, with a price subsidy attached, we believed that it would be followed, before the end of January, by a price bonus for meats. Whether this surmise turns out to be right depends on how close the index gets to the wage bonus mark in the interval. The price control people are prepared in advance to extend the subsidy system to meats if necessary to prevent another wage boost. And that indicates how anxious they are, because there is a lot of headache in a meat subsidy. The easiest way to handle it is to pay it to the packers, but the packers being among the "big interests" and exposed to the suspicion of consumers as well as producers, the paying over of treasury money to them is politically dangerous. To pay it instead to retail meat dealers would be less dangerous but far more troublesome administratively. Mr. Gordon would like to avoid the danger and the trouble but would rather risk one or the other than let the index get out of hand.

On the heels of Rommel: RAF ground crews co-operate with 8th Army men by fueling their tanks in the course of the unending chase along the Mediterranean coastal road. Below: no time is wasted in getting this bomber into position for servicing following its return from a raid.

More than two years ago practical economists from the business community warned Ottawa that a cost of living wage bonus would have a cumulative inflationary effect, but the professional economists in the ivory towers were ready with assurances that it need not have and this assurance was very welcome to political chiefs who wanted to appease organized labor while putting a ceiling of sorts on wage rates. The practical economists have been proved right and Mr. Ilsley, on the advice of the ivory tower boys, is now paying part of the people's food bill out of their tax money in a desperate effort to throw the inflation merry-go-round off the rails. Moreover, during this period of worry over the cost of living index Ottawa has turned to plugging holes in the wage ceiling itself. The National War Labor Board and its subsidiary regional boards have been made to understand that only in cases of definitely out-of-line wage rates must any applications for wage increases be allowed.

MINISTERIAL and official interest in the National Selective Service organization, that appeared to be such a big factor in wartime regimentation before the showdown between the dynamic Mr. Little and the Government revealed that it was intended by the latter largely as window-dressing, has seemed to be dwindling steadily in recent weeks. Most of the chief subordinates and advisers to the departed director are gone, and now, as if to emphasize the treatment of the system as an orphan, its administration is being farmed out to regional officials in the employment offices across the country. Ottawa headquarters of Selective Service becomes merely a minor branch of Mr. Humphrey Mitchell's Labor Department. In fact the departmental reorganization announced by Mr. Mitchell last week has the appearance of continuing reaction from the course pursued a few months ago when Selective Service under Mr. Little overshadowed the parent department itself, including the Minister. The determination now appears to be to keep the Minister and the department to the front and not let any one branch get into a position to attract special attention.

OTTAWA pricked up its collective ears at the emphasis placed by Mr. Bracken in his first radio talk to the people on his distaste for overswollen bureaucracy in the war administration on the home front. There was good reason for the interest attaching here to that part of the new Leader's outline of the manner of his approach to his new job. Those among our war bosses who have paused at times to consider how far they have been departing in their ways and works from the normal practices of responsible government have known that some time the storm was bound to break about their heads in Parliament. They were not deceived by the almost total absence of any questioning of themselves and their powers and performances, knew their immunity could only be temporary. And now the intimation has come from Mr. Bracken that lack of parliamentary interest in bureaucracy will end with his advent to Ottawa.

Members of the House of Commons have been aware, of course, of the rapid growth of wartime bureaucracy, but it has probably appeared to those who may have been uneasy about it that they might be putting some sand in the wheels of the war machine—and at least be exposing themselves to the accusation of doing so—if they said much about it. The few who attempted to give expression to their uneasiness could get little if any satisfaction from the ministry. Mr. Bracken, of course, is not coming here to say or do anything to interfere with the efficient conduct of the war effort, but it is quite apparent that he is going to insist on being shown to what extent all the bureaucracy we now have is essential to the war cause, and that unless the Ministers produce the proof he will be prepared to make life more troublesome for them.

It is unlikely that Mr. Bracken's intervention in the matter will result in any great curtailment of the powers and activities of the bureaucrats, but it should have a salutary effect to have them constantly aware that they are being watched by one who one day may be their boss. It should make them a little more cautious about the way they throw themselves around.

Music with their meal is supplied these Jap prisoners at Guadalcanal by a comrade who plays the oboe. These men were serving as construction troops on the Lunga Airport when U.S. forces took over in that area.

LIGHTER MOMENTS

Time Hurtles On

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

I DON'T care any more what happens tomorrow. All I want to know now is what happened yesterday.

Everything happens too fast. The head-lines speed past before you have time to take them in, like screen-titles in the hands of a mad operator. People rush on to the world stage and are suddenly swallowed up by noiseless trapdoors before they have finished their act. Wendell Willkie hurtles round the world and back, and before you can say itinerary, there is Mrs. Roosevelt taking off. And specialists and analysts hurry forward with plans and prophecies and everybody believes them in the morning and forgets them by evening, and nothing can be done about it because we're all in the hands of a furious Red Queen who won't let us sit down for a second for fear the scenery will get ahead of us.

Well, I'm going to sit down right now. I'm going to stop and get my breath and ask a few questions about what happened the day before yesterday, even if it means skipping Dorothy Thompson. They aren't particularly important questions, most of them, just a lot of unrelated items that have swirled upward on the current of news and then vanished, to be forgotten, apparently, by everybody except me. Maybe if I set them down they will stop bothering me and I can get back on the track of something immediate and significant.

FOR instance, I'd like to know what became of Premier U Saw, of Madame Lupescu, of Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby and the Honorable Unity Mitford Haven (was it?), and the admirals in charge of the West Pacific on December 7. I'd like to know too if anybody has ever seen a Gremlin, and how it is going to affect our national war effort to have a twelve-sided nickel.

Another thing: Since Mr. Churchill and Mr. Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt all knew about the African front and all knew Mr. Willkie, why didn't somebody tip off Mr. Willkie? And was Mr. Willkie mad when he found out? And whatever did Mrs. Roosevelt ever do to Westbrook Pegler to make *him* so mad? What does the future hold for Honorable Mitchell Hepburn, for Honorable Arthur Meighen, for Elliott Little and Sir Stafford Cripps and Dr. Roy Allan Dafoe? And am I the only person on the continent willing to settle for a plain old-fashioned *green* Christmas?

Do the beige, gray and purple cards in our ration books really mean anything, or would it be all right to let the children cut them up for street car transfers? Did Douglas Fairbanks jr. ever recover the two vases and the tiger-skin rug from his stepmother, Lady Ashley? Has anyone discovered yet what is the most satisfactory way of dealing with the coffee-rationing situation—drying the grounds and then boiling, boiling the the wet grounds, or just boiling the ration card? And who bought the swan bed, the black plaster panther, and the cannibal boiling pot at the Orson Welles furniture sale?

DID the Mickey Rooneys think better of their divorce? Or did their public relations counsel? And how do Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Harry Hopkins manage about sharing household expenses? Is Washington on bowing terms yet with the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon? And does the Beveridge report represent a step towards Moscow, a socialized post war government, or just an improved policy of buns instead of gutter? Will someone please explain a Progressive Conservative? And what are zoot pants?

I know there isn't time or space to answer these questions, time and space having been eliminated for good, as nobody needs to be told. I haven't even much hope that they will be heard above the steady endless scrape of today's edition scooping competitors on the events of day after tomorrow. Still it's a relief to get them down and be able perhaps to forget about them before more things start happening faster than ever on a wider and wider scale, in 1943.

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Is Nutrition a Racket?

BY DYSON CARTER

ALL up and down the social scale you will find our Nutrition Campaign being sabotaged by careless scoffers who harp on the same old wise-guy tune:

"Nutrition's a racket. Remember all the crazy food faddists in the last twenty years? Vegetarians. Nut eaters. Carrot chewers. Juice drinkers. Now we've got them all ganged up in one screwball campaign for nutrition. I'm telling you it's a racket put over by the big companies!"

These cynics may claim to be good Canadians but they are in fact working hard for Hitler. There is no compulsion about our Nutrition Campaign. We are not being sold ersatz chemical foods to force vitamins and minerals down our throats, the way it's done in Europe. The least the sceptics can do is eat as they please and shut up. They are very much in the wrong.

Nutrition is not a racket. Nutrition is a mighty new weapon for the war, for peace, for human life and happiness.

It is understandable that the present campaign should be scorned by some as another crank diet scheme. A dozen food fads have soared and tumbled in popularity since the last war. So recent has been the development of nutritional science that some dieticians and medical men are still following antiquated rules, far behind the latest knowledge and sceptical of it too. There are only a very few diseases in which a radically altered diet now is recommended: diabetes and food allergies, for example. For the overwhelming majority of people—well *and* sick—satisfying amounts of food in pleasing variety should be the basic principle of eating. Science and common sense have reached agreement on this.

Guinea-Pig Mothers

Nutritional science has gone a lot farther, of course, than simply okaying the Hearty Meal. We will take just one example of the remarkable research now being done. Recently a group of Canadian doctors (J. H. Ebbs, W. A. Scott, F. F. Tisdall, W. J. Moyle and M. Bell, reporting in the Canadian Medical Association Journal, 46:1:1942) made quite a stir throughout the nutritional world by a feeding experiment, the implications of which are just beginning to be understood in technical circles. This test, of tremendous importance to all citizens, lasted 3½ years. The "guinea pigs" were several hundred mothers attending the Toronto General Hospital prenatal clinic. Although carried out on a large scale and over a long period of time with all possible precautions against error, the experiment was basically very simple.

A test-group of mothers got these few extra foods each day: pint and a half of milk, one egg, one orange, helping of cheese, helping of canned tomatoes, capsule of vitamin D, wheat germ for vitamin B. The cost of this extra food was about $1.50 per week, or $25 per mother for the last four months of pregnancy.

A control-group of mothers, from exactly the same income level as the test-group, did not get the extra foods; otherwise, these women lived on the same kind and quantity of food as did the test-mothers. Both groups received identical prenatal and hospital care.

Results astounded even the experimenters. We can only summarize the highlights. Before birth nearly *five times* as many control-group mothers were rated by obstetricians as "poor" than were test-group mothers. During birth *nine times* as many actually were in "poor" condition, and *six times* as many during convalescence; *five times* as many had complications six weeks after birth; *three times* as many had poor teeth six months after.

Death vs. Nutrition

As for the babies, those born of test-group mothers (who ate those few extra foods daily for four months) suffered *not one* miscarriage, stillbirth or death up to the age of six months. Among the control-group babies there were seven miscarriages, four stillbirths and three postnatal deaths; a total of 14 deaths.

Death vs. Nutrition! The score: 14 to 0. The cost: $25 per mother-and-baby. The secret: a small amount of familiar appetizing food available everywhere.

Other equally spectacular tests are being carried out by nutritional scientists in many United Nations centres. Such research bears not the faintest resemblance to food faddism and crank theories. And the work is just beginning.

Suppose we turn to the sneering claim that nutrition is a pseudo-scientific scheme being publicized for the benefit of companies making profits from food sales. One of the largest manufacturers of canned foods has provided your reporter with an outline of the technical program that lies behind its products, new and old. The work constantly being carried out by this company and its competitors is rarely brought to the attention of consumers.

Modern food research works literally from the ground up, with the control and growing of the raw materials supervised by an Agronomy Division. Experts in this department develop new crops, improve quality and its standardization, investigate and apply the latest discoveries in fertilization and the care of soils. Increasing the vitamin and mineral content of crops is its special concern today. Related to this is the work of the Field Division. The harvesting and rapid transport of crops to the factory is steadily being improved. Close control is exercised over seed, young plants and all stages of crop growth. Unlike research in most industries, food development is far less concerned with secrecy and patent protection than it is with extensive liaison machinery which maintains intimate contact between the industry and government Departments of Agriculture and experimental stations, farm associations, outside industrial laboratories and manufacturers of materials and equipment. Most significant today—with large scale food manufacturing rapidly widening out from the narrow dollars-and-cents view—is the cooperation between industry and the various Medical Associations committees, government health departments and local authorities administering pure food laws. There are still many "nutritional rackets". But they are relentlessly being cleaned up by the progress both of research and public education. The latter is awakening us to the fact that eating for the best possible health should be an enjoyable part of life and not a cranky obsession with some abnormal "diet".

In a large food company, research proper is an elaborate and far reaching activity. Industrial chemists devise new processes, study the recovery of by-products. Bacteriologists have the responsibility of improving raw materials, various steps in handling, applying new sterilization and packaging discoveries, all with a view to better keeping qualities. Very large laboratory facilities are required for this work.

No food industry improves its products in the independent fashion an automobile manufacturer, for example, brings out new models. Organizations such as the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research come into the picture to explore nutritional problems and discoveries revealed in clinics and the medical literature. Staffs of specialists probe every phase of nutrition. Each promising new idea or product is then carefully studied with a view to carrying it along the difficult road towards mass production.

The library workers serve as the Intelligence Service in this unceasing campaign. The company maintains a costly collection of technical books and journals, and can call upon the reference facilities of universities, the Mellon Institute and the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh.

And in the Experimental Kitchens proceeds the most critical work of all, for the mass consumption of new foods demands above everything that palatability will tell the tale of nutritional science as it must be told—in terms of appetite appeal. No new food is any good without a recipe. In the kitchen the chef and the Ph.D. blend science with art to make new dishes for millions.

Long Chain of Control

We have sketchily covered less than half of the modern food processing technique. Actual manufacture is one long chain of scientific control. All factors studied in the development of new products are reduced or extended to rigid laboratory routines: chemical, physical and bacteriological. "Organoleptic" control includes Tasting Committees, whose verdicts must agree with what the advertisements say or it is the ads that change.

Finally there is a scientific censorship over the advertising issued by reputable companies. Independent authorities check all statements. A comparison of today's ads with those of twenty years ago will reveal what this censorship has done to eliminate the "racketeer" features from what can be called Commercial Nutrition.

There are no sinister motives behind Canada's Nutrition Campaign. It is for the Canadian people, for everybody's good health. The fact that the Campaign is backed by a barrage of commercial support is extremely important. Car manufacturers brought out four-wheel brakes in order to sell more cars; but nobody denies that the better brakes greatly improved motoring safety. So with nutrition. You have to buy the food you eat. Why not make it your first resolution for '43, to get all the vitamins and minerals you can for your money?

Last week the men and women of Canada's armed forces had many a second helping of this—in finished form with a sprig of holly atop. It is Christmas pudding in the making and was pictured many weeks ago at an army kitchen "somewhere in Canada" in order to give the troops, to say nothing of the folks back home, a "foretaste" of the good things in store. How scientific feeding is keeping the Canadian soldier, airman and sailor at peak efficiency is explained on page six of this issue.

What flavour has a vitamin?

WE DON'T KNOW the flavour of a vitamin . . . but we do know that flavour and food value generally go hand in hand in cooked foods.

This means that when food is prepared so that its flavour is retained, the chances are that most of its vitamins and minerals have been retained, as well. The most *nutritious* food is usually the most *delicious* food . . . especially as regards vegetables.

This is cheering information. It is also a challenge to every person who cooks a meal, either for herself or for others. Unskillful cooking can be responsible for flat-tasting, unappetizing meals . . . and for the loss of valuable minerals and vitamins.

Good cooking can make even the most inexpensive foods into appetizing, nourishing dishes. Variety may be obtained by combining them with other foods, and by using tasty sauces and garnishes. Modern cook books, magazines and radio programs offer many suggestions.

Here are some suggestions for conserving vitamins—and flavour!—in the meals you serve your family.

Suggestions for saving vitamins

▶ In cooking vegetables, it is best to raise the temperature to the boiling point as rapidly as possible. Heat may then be lowered.

▶ Stirring air into foods while they are cooking causes vitamin destruction.

▶ Foods should not be put through a sieve while still hot.

▶ When cooking, use as little water as possible.

▶ The water used in cooking and from canned vegetables is valuable for soups, sauces, gravies.

▶ Chopped fruits and vegetables should be prepared just before serving.

▶ Start cooking frozen foods while they are still frozen.

▶ Frozen foods which are to be served raw should be used immediately after thawing.

Additional suggestions and information about the nutritive value of various foods based on Canada's Official Food Rules, can be found in Metropolitan's free pamphlet, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?" We will gladly send you a copy.

• • •

This advertisement is published in the interest of the Nutrition Program of the Dominion Department of Pensions and National Health.

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Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 1-T-43, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?"

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Mrs. Cartwright's Son

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

All the names in this letter are of course entirely fictitious.—Ed.

I AM addressing this week's letter to a Mrs. Cartwright somewhere in Canada—or perhaps I should say everywhere in Canada, because there are tens of thousands of Mrs. Cartwrights and they have all sent their sons to fight for Canada.

Mrs. Cartwright doesn't hear often enough from her son—what mother does?—and so I have elected myself to send a letter for him. I know young Cartwright pretty well. I spend a lot of time with him—on leave in London, at camp, on exercises, sometimes at an air station. He tells me a lot of things about himself, things which would be interesting for Mrs. Cartwright back home. But he doesn't write these things because he is very bad at writing letters, he says, and besides he isn't much good at talking about himself.

So Mrs. Cartwright can consider this as a sort of postcript to her boy's letter:—

MY DEAR Mrs. Cartwright:

I met your boy at the Beaver Club in London last night, having a sandwich and coffee in the canteen. He had come into London on a 48-hour leave with six other lads from his unit. He looks fine. And when I asked him how he felt, he said, "I've put on 20 pounds in the last year—all muscle. Feel, mister. They won't know me when I get back home. Only last week I had to have my uniform let out around the shoulders. We sure do eat. The rations aren't exactly what they used to be back home (what wouldn't I give for about four eggs, sunnyside up, with a slab of ham sizzling in the middle?) but we get plenty of helpings of everything. And after a day of this commando-type stuff we're doing, nobody bothers to be polite, believe you me. The boys eat like those double-quick movies we used to see back home."

Well, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy and I went into the reading room at the club and we looked over the home town papers. It's amazing how hungry he is for news about the old place. He read the paper column for column and, he didn't even pass up the society page. That paper must have been read by two or three hundred lads because it was brown with thumbmarks and almost falling to pieces although it had arrived brand new only four days ago.

Afterward he told me what he'd been doing on his 48-hour leave. In the afternoon he went to the Gaumont Theatre to see Noel Coward's picture, "In Which We Serve." He said it made him feel like going up to every British sailor he saw and shaking hands with him. Later in the evening he went to Covent Garden for dancing. Although he didn't know a girl to bring along, he had a nice time because there were more girls there than fellows. That's hard to believe in a city as crowded with soldiers as London is, but it's true.

HE HOOKED up with a lot of American soldiers after the dance and the party of them strolled down to Trafalgar Square in the blackout and serenaded Lord Nelson with close harmony from Tin Pan Alley.

That's one thing I'd like to tell you about, Mrs. Cartwright. Your boy and the Americans. He knows the Americans rather better than the English do, and he is acting as a sort of ambassador-host in introducing the Americans to the English. You'd never think of your boy as a diplomat, but you'd be surprised at the grand job he's doing for international relations. If you could see them all together on Piccadilly—your boy and the Americans and the British—you'd stop worrying about what the world's going to be like after the war. The League of Nations was never as fine and as effective, in its great Geneva Palace, as what is taking place among the lads from all over the world in places like the Beaver Club, the Rainbow Club and the Y.M.C.A.

OF COURSE, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy is working hard. It's no picnic, being a Canadian soldier. He's up before dawn these December days, and he goes through a tough grind of training. On a couple of schemes he raced all over the island for six days running and that wasn't any holiday stroll. But he knows the big push is coming, and he also knows that when it does come, he'll be as ready as any soldier in the world.

He doesn't feel so hot about his inaction. He wonders why the Americans come here for a few months and then push off to North Africa. And then he supplies the answers for himself. He feels he is being held for the big show—the main event—and not for side shows like North Africa. He likes to feel that he is being held in England for the big job because there are no other troops so well qualified to open the full-scale attack on Hitler's Europe.

Right now, Mrs. Cartwright, with the grey days here and the holiday season coming on, he's getting a little lonesome. If I were you, Mrs. Cartwright, I would see that his friends wrote him more often.

REMEMBER, Mrs. Cartwright, there is no more sentimental person in the world than a soldier overseas. You'd be amazed to know what a pleasant hour a soldier can spend before lights out, going over the mail from home. Your boy kept telling me last night how he laughed over your letter about little Bobby's crush on the girl next door. And how thrilled Dorothy was when you let her go to her first dance.

In some ways, Mrs. Cartwright, your boy is closer to you now than he ever was when he lived at home. He never had any time, in the old days, to talk about the homely little things. Right after supper he'd jump up and go downtown to meet the boys. Bobby and Dorothy more or less annoyed him. But not now. He'd give a month's pay just for a look at Dorothy in her first evening dress.

It sounds sentimental, Mrs. Cartwright, but that's the way your boy is—when he's overseas. He's going to be a lot more thoughtful about little things when he gets home.

Sincerely, etc.

Let's keep it up in '43

JOIN us in our New Year resolution—to fight and work and save and never let up till Victory is won.

Let us roll out the tanks, the guns, the ships and the planes our boys need to lick the Axis—faster and faster every day. Let us show the world the stuff Canadians are made of.

And when you're tired and hot and thirsty, pick up a tall, frosty bottle of "Pepsi-Cola"—let its sparkling coolness help refresh and renew your energy—let its racy, tangy, full-bodied flavour linger on your palate—it's a man-sized drink for a man-sized thirst—rich in quick food-energy.

Full Speed ahead Canada—let's go!

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The Men of 1914-18 Begin to Take Over

BY ARMOUR MACKAY

The significance of the Winnipeg Convention is that, no longer merely in a new party formed for the purpose, but in one of the great old parties of Canada, the Men of the First World War have begun to take the command.

The Progressive Conservative Party is going to be run by people who have a totally different outlook from that of the pre-war generations: people who think of society as a machine made by man for his own service, to be tested and altered until it does its job.

OVER a third of the delegates to the Winnipeg Conservative convention were veterans of 1914-18. Three of the five candidates for leader were veterans. The policy adopted was a rewriting of the resolutions passed at the Port Hope conference, which was conceived, organized and given voice by veterans. And parts of the policy were almost the same as that voted by the Canadian Legion at its national convention in May.

There are consequences for Canada in these facts.

For the fundamental division in Canada today—as for the last ten years—is not race, religion, region nor class.

That which divides us is age.

A man's mentality — his attitude, method and basic ideas—is shaped by his experience. The world has changed so much in the last hundred years that the people of any ten-year age group in this country differ considerably from their elders and juniors in the things they take for granted as obvious.

The chief lines of division between us run through the years 1890 and 1910.

The Lines of Division

The men and women born before 1890 were set when the war began in 1914—settled in life and in their main ideas. To them, the war was an incident in their lives—upsetting, costly, and for many, tragic. But an incident, to be forgotten as quickly as possible after 1918, to be put behind them by sensible people, who would work to restore the pre-war world—to "return to normalcy," in President Harding's phrase.

To those born between 1890 and 1909, the last war was, is, and always will be the biggest fact in their lives. Those born in 1885-1901 fought the war. Those born in 1901-09—the "Younger Brothers" — were too young to fight. Yet they were bred in the order and security of the pre-war world, and to them, as for all their elders, these qualities are the normal. Unlike those born before 1890, though, the veterans and the younger brothers *feel* order and security to be fragile things, not provided by nature, but to be won and kept only by vigilance and discipline.

Those born from 1910 on have never known security, and not much of order. Some of them were carried in the womb by mothers living in dread of casualty lists. Some suffered malnutrition in the high cost of living period at the end of the war. Some lost parents in the 'flu epidemic of 1919. Very many knew little of home discipline all through a minority spent in the Jazz Age, for, as a police inspector said ten years ago, "The war unsettled the ideas people lived by so much that they believed in nothing enough to enforce it on their children." This group were just coming to employment in the late '20's: then the depression shut down. In those words of the young lieutenant on the Vancouver train, "A lot of the boys who were at Dieppe never did have a chance to get a job in civilian life." And over this moral and economic insecurity, since 1931 there has been the growing mutter of war. A few years ago, this group began organizing to help themselves, through the national Youth Congress and student assemblies. For three years now, they have been learning the security of discipline and teamwork, in uniform.

These three groups differ in physique, temperament, character, values, mental content and social outlook.

Most of those born before 1885 were bred on farms, in an age when machinery was a novelty, and when the farm was still almost self-sufficient. They inherited untouched the physical capital of a thousand years of hand labor; the nervous capital of a world that moved at the speed of the horse; the mental content of a district bounded by the strength of a horse; the character and values formed by daily chores and devout church-going; and a social outlook and method shaped by the struggle with the soil and by isolation's discipline in self-reliance.

"Normalcy" to this group meant opportunity, security, order, expansion, inexhaustible natural resources, fairly easy credit, and competitive individualism. To this, they have been trying ever since, consciously or unconsciously, to return.

Those born in 1890-1909 were shaped by the change from the farm to the city. In their formative years, electricity and the internal combustion engine remade the world. The telephone, electric light and power, the fast passenger elevator, the high speed newspaper press, the movies and the radio; the automobile, tractor and aeroplane—all these changed in forty years from the miraculous to the taken for granted, before the youngest of this group was fifteen years old.

"Normalcy" for the returned soldiers in this age group meant opportunity for peace and security—opportunity to marry, settle down with their wives and families, and live private lives, to forget the war and let wounds and memories heal.

Children of the Machine

Those born from 1910 on are children of the machine and of cities, of the automobile and the radio, of an hourly flow of news and vicarious experience fantastic in contrast with their grandfathers' world. The old courage is there. But physically they are different and nervously more sensitive — born mechanics, instead of laborers, with the analytic mind of the mechanic, and the conviction that most problems can be solved by a better machine or better organization. Where their grandfathers thought of society as an organism, slow changing, limited by nature, and limiting man, the grandsons think of society as a machine, made by man, a tool for man to test and alter until it does the work for which he made it. And just as machines are the product of huge laboratories and factories in which one man does a small, specialized job which must be planned by an over-all planning department; so this machine-age generation now coming on thinks of society as an assembly line, in which each has a specialized job, which must be planned.

"Normalcy" to this generation means little or nothing. To their predecessors it meant, really, the return to happiness. To this generation, that kind of happiness—opportunity, marriage, home life, economic and international security—is something still in the future, still to be reached. The "normal," in the sense of a standard or ideal way of life, is something unknown to them. In its place, they have had only the usual—and the usual in their lives has been insecurtiy at home and abroad, instability, and until 1939, for many of them, frustration. Their future "normalcy" they expect to reach only by means of a society of specialists organized as a team.

What Does It Mean?

What does all this mean for Canada today—and tomorrow?

In a sentence—a deep trend away from competitive individualism towards co-operative individualism, at the least. And co-operative here means more than a particular form of economic organization.

In a phrase—to the generations coming to power in Canada, the whole is greater than the part, the group more than any person, in a way that experience never taught their elders.

Here is the deepest division in Canada today—between those born before 1890 and their juniors.

The elders think in terms of unlimited competitive individualism, take it as normal, and, generally speaking, seek always to preserve or extend it.

The juniors have learned by hard experience that unlimited individualism is impossible—that it is self-defeating. The few exceptions among them are mostly stay-at-homes of 1914-18 or some of the numerically small group of heirs to established incomes.

This division first appeared in 1919, when the Canadian Corps came back from overseas. The two groups—the returned men and the stay-at-homes—simply did not talk the same language. For the most intense years of their lives, the veterans had lived every minute in a discipline of battle as well as of the orderly room which proved that the individual passed, and the unit, the Corps, alone endured. To many of them, against this background, competition was a waste of time and of precious remaining energy. There were better things to live for. In the puzzled, irritated eyes of the stay-at-homes, the returned men "would not settle down."

This division between the veterans and their elders has been narrowed but never closed. More and more of the veterans gave up trying to communicate, and in their silence were taken as the "sound" men for whom the bewildered elders were looking. But their outlook has remained their own. Behind them, the "younger brothers" of 1914-18, and the new generation of 1939 have learned the same lesson of individual inadequacy and of group strength through the depression, the long armistice and now from the discipline of another war.

This age line and division were visible in the Winnipeg convention. As a forty-year old "younger brother" from Ontario said after two long days in committee "The man over fifty who agreed with us was the exception."

The age line — quite as much as any other factor — explains the change in direction of the party announced by the new name Progressive Conservative. For at Winnipeg, the men of 1914-18 and their juniors reached their greatest influence yet in one of the old parties.

What they lack in weight, they make up in quantity. These are 250 lb. bombs, carried by Hurricanes, Whirlwinds and Bostons whose task it has been recently to operate as intruder craft for sharp and quick assault action in large-scale sweeps by Allied air forces over France and the Low Countries. Here they are being loaded in preparation for a raid.

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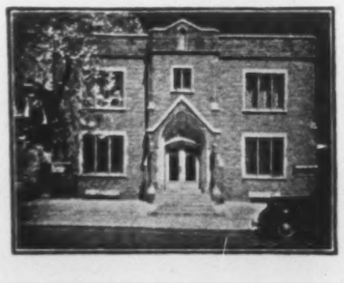
SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly



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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

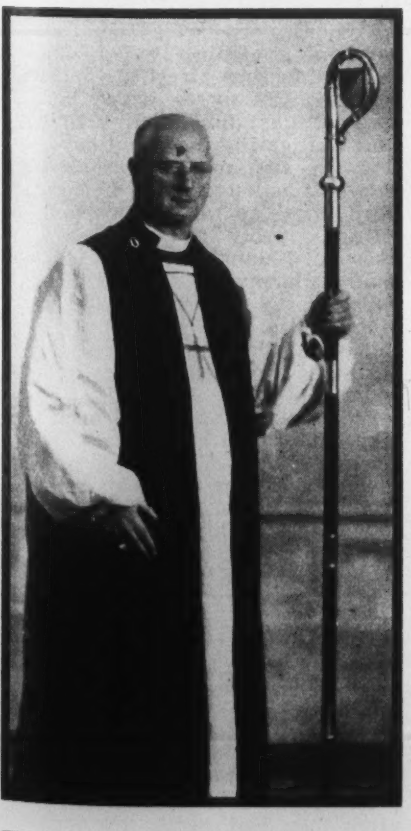
On Being Shy of Commitments

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE history of Canadian external relations is the history of two things: of the gradual change in the seat of the authority which has managed them, and of the manner in which and the purposes for which they have been managed. The Canadian Government began to have some responsibility for them with the Treaty of Washington in 1871, the first important negotiation between Britain and the United States after Confederation. The British Government ceased to have any responsibility for them, avowedly and definitely with the Statute of Westminster, but effectively at some earlier date. As early as 1907 the British Ambassador to France, although he signed with the Canadian plenipotentiary, was instructed to take no part in the actual negotiations of a tariff treaty between Canada and that country. It was not however until 1923 that the British diplomatic service was entirely eliminated from even the formal part of the proceedings when the Halibut Treaty with the United States was signed for Canada by a Canadian Minister only. The United States Senate was apparently so much annoyed at having to deal with Canada as an independent treaty-making country that it amended the Treaty so as to make it applicable to all British subjects; and it was a considerable time before it could be induced to believe that British subjects in one of the nations of the Commonwealth were no longer making treaties for British subjects in any other of those nations. The constitutional structure of the Commonwealth is so delicate and unusual, and so lacking in positive definition even after the Statute of Westminster, that one can hardly blame the Senators.

Only One Aspect

The treaty-making power, and the control of external relations generally, are of course only one aspect of Dominion status, the general subject of which has been dealt with in numerous political and historical works. It is however extremely handy to have this aspect dissociated from the rest of the subject and dealt with along with the history of the use that has been made of the control of external relations, by an expert on the subject such as Professor G. P. de T. Glazebrook. His two volumes, "Canadian External Relations: an Historical Study to 1914," and "Canada at the Paris Peace Conference," bring the subject down to 1919, for the Peace Conference book includes a rapid survey of Canadian diplomacy during the war—of which of course there was not much. (There is, it may be added, an able article on "Sir Robert Borden and Canada's External Policy" in the 1941 Report of the Canadian Historical Association, written by Professor F. H. Soward.)



The Right Rev. Samuel Pollinger was recently elected Bishop of Cariboo (Church of England), Brit. Columbia.

It is impossible to read these two books without feeling that both the process of the gradual assumption of power over external relations, and the management of such power when acquired, have been conducted by a succession of Canadian statesmen with much more wisdom and skill than the people who elected them had any right to expect. Sir John Macdonald in 1871 was nothing short of brilliant. He was in an immensely difficult position, because the Americans were anxious to develop as much of a difference as possible between the Canadians and the British, in order to strengthen the hands of those elements in Britain "who desire to get rid of the colonies as a burden." There was a disposition at that time to regard Canada as an obstacle to friendly relations between Britain and the United States, and had she continued as a pure dependency administered from London she would unquestionably have been so; it is only the rise of Canada from a colony to a North American nation that has changed her from an obstacle to an advantage in that respect.

The belief that in any direct dealings between Britain and the United States relating to Canada the colony was pretty sure to suffer dates back to very early times. Mr. Glazebrook cites passages to that effect from so sound a Tory as Bishop Strachan as far back as 1815. So long as the defence of Canada against attack by the United States, in the event of an appeal to force, was regarded as the proper business of the mother country, there was naturally little demand for independent negotiating power; but by 1860 the British had come to the conclusion that unless the Canadians did a great deal for their own defence they could not be defended, and by 1870 it was pretty generally admitted that they could not be defended at all—an admission which has not a little to do with the complete disappearance of annexationist sentiment in the United States. The British Navy remained Canada's bulwark against other enemies but not against the great country to the south; and it was in regard to that country that Canadians first felt it necessary that they should rely on their own skill in the management of external affairs. Indeed up to the time of the First Great War there was little real demand for independent external powers towards any other nations. They came as a natural corollary of the powers which were needed towards Washington; for if you are going to be independent in one quarter of the compass you can hardly help being so in the others.

Other Way Round

The argument from defence was the determining factor in the next decision of Canadians about their external relations, but it worked the other way round. In the 'eighties and 'nineties Canada, having definitely emerged from the purely colonial state, was called on to consider whether she would develop further towards independence or unite with other parts of the Empire in some kind of single sovereignty. To unite appeared to mean that she would have to take a part in the defence of that Empire—or even, as some feared, in its expansion by force. (A purely commercial integration, such as might have appealed to great numbers of Canadians, was rendered impossible at that time by the insuperable adherence of Great Britain to Free Trade.) Mr. Glazebrook appears to feel that at the 1897 Imperial Conference, with Chamberlain the determining element in Great Britain, something might have been done in the direction of Imperial Federation if the leadership of the Canadian Government had not been in the hands of a French-Canadian; but he also admits that "On a policy of imperial relations generally there is little difference between Laurier on the one hand and Macdonald and his successors on the other," and that in practice the two were "almost equally shy of commitments." They had reason to be, for they both knew that the Canadian people were as a whole even shyer than themselves. That fraction of the doctrine of isolationism which consists merely in an acute sense of the advantages of living on a continent which is very much at peace within itself and very far away from the wars of Europe has always been strong in the Canadian heart.

Mr. Glazebrook's second volume brings us up to Canada's entry into the League of Nations. The rather preachifying institution designed by President Wilson suited her temperament perfectly; it gave her a "voice" and no "commitments." It gave her "status" as a nation while her membership in the Commonwealth and her geographical position in North America gave her the security of a dependency. Her representatives objected violently to the undertakings, limited and safeguarded as they were, of Article 10 (see the Memorandum of the Right Hon. C. J. Doherty), and when the Canadian Parliament met, "while they defended it there, it remained Canadian policy to secure change at a later date." With the defection of the United States there began a gradual general whittling down of Article 10 by interpretation, which ultimately reduced it to nullity and the League to a pious aspiration. Canada was among the leading whittlers.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Glazebrook will be able to produce a third volume which will carry the story up to the end of the Great Reconstruction of the World which we hope may happen during 1943-6, and that the Canadian Institute of International Affairs will be willing to father that volume as it has these two. The present ones are published by the Oxford University Press at $3 and $2 respectively.

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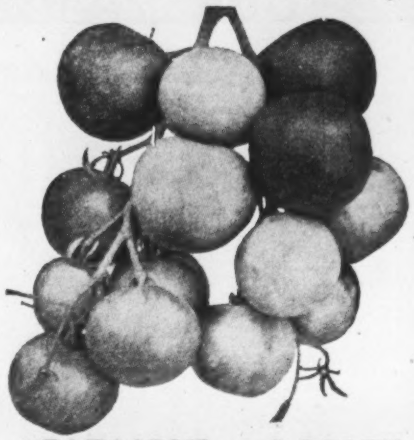

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As an example of the enthusiasm with which the job of getting subscriptions in the final days of the Victory Loan campaign was carried out, it was stated that under the payroll savings plan The Ontario Paper Company at Heron Bay rolled up a return of 218 per cent of its quota, one of the highest in the Dominion. (Port Arthur News-Chronicle, Nov. 7, 1942).

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THE HITLER WAR

Fighting in Russia May Govern War in '43

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WHEN considering the course of the war in 1943 we are inclined to think first of when and where we will invade Europe, in Italy, Southern France, the Balkans or across the English Channel, and when we will bomb Berlin and other German cities to smithereens. We think of the possibilities of the conquered people rising in the German rear, of the Italians and even the Germans revolting, or the generals overturning Hitler and seeking the best peace terms they can get before Germany is quite destroyed.

Any or all of these developments is possible. But it is becoming daily more and more likely that the course of the war in Europe in '43. may be determined on the plains of Russia. It is perhaps a little too early to say that these have already been decided by the Soviet counter offensives. But, following the daily reports from the Eastern Front, one would not stress today as this commentary did several months ago, that our Russian allies had yet to show the ability to maintain their offensives and put the finishing punch to them, or insist that *we* would have to give Germany the knockdown blow.

Retreat in Russia?

It is still true that, if the Germans were to carry out a deep and successful retreat in the East and show the will to fight to the end, it is so far for the Russians to push to the core of German territory that we would have to finish things by invading the Ruhr. There can hardly be any doubt but that the Anglo-American High Command is preparing for this.

But while one must plan for such a contingency, just as the Allies planned a great win-the-war campaign for 1919, it by no means follows that the war will be settled that way. It is my belief that Hitler's vast, complicated and far-spread war machine will get out of control and break down some time before the Russians roll into Eastern Germany and our armies into the Ruhr.

Its weak joints, held by unwilling allies, will open into cracks, as the Roumanian sector did on the front North-West of Stalingrad, and the Italian and Hungarian sectors did on the Middle Don. German troops, too, will become less and less willing to die in a war which they believe lost—a sentiment which is already evident among German prisoners taken on the Stalingrad and Middle Don fronts, in contrast to last winter's lingering confidence that Hitler could still perform his customary miracle and finish the war this year.

Become Unmanageable

Armies and units will wither away from failure of the flow of supplies along the innumerable long lines stretching out from the Fatherland; the sort of supply failure which paved the way for Rommel's defeat at Alamein, and which promises to settle the fate of the large German army trapped between the Don and the Volga. The great machine will become unmanageable, Hitler's hold upon the far-extended parts will become looser, confidence in the Command will fade and die, and it will break up. For my part, I fervently agree with the RAF chiefs Portal and Harris that the best way in which we could hurry on this collapse would be to concentrate our bombing power against Germany's war production, transportation and home front morale. Who will say that the shortage of new and adequate German equipment on the Stalingrad front, described from there by an American correspondent last week, was not due in good part to the severe attacks on the seat of German war industry by our Lancasters and Stirlings last spring and summer?

By next spring and summer we will have the power to create far greater havoc on the German home front, and doubtless we will do so. It may be that the war with Germany could have been ended by now if we had concentrated a still greater proportion of our resources on this strategic bombing of Germany. But since we didn't (and it really would have implied knowing in 1940 that Russia would practically take over the war on land, and the United States help with the war at sea) but have prepared great armies as well as air forces, we will probably use these to invade German-held territory at several points, and engage German land forces.

A Basic Question

Here we come to one of the basic points in this discussion: *what part of their forces will the Germans divert to the West and South to meet us?* Last fall, during the dark days of the German advance across Southern Russia, and at the height of the clamor for a "Second Front Now!", it was common to hear the pessimistic argument that even if the Germans didn't destroy the Red Army they would so weaken it—if we didn't "do something" quickly—that they would be able to hold a defensive line in the East with a part of their forces and shift the bulk to Western Europe so that it would take us "years" to overcome them.

I have always maintained, to the contrary, that the Germans feared the Russians so much that they would keep the bulk of their forces in the East, and if they had to choose, would allow the more "sporting" British and Americans to occupy their country. It is quite clear now that if the Germans are to hold back the persistent onslaught of the oft-annihilated Russian bear, they will have no choice but to retain most of their army in Eastern Europe.

Campaign in the West

This demand of the Russian front may condition the entire 1943 campaign in the West. Will Hitler have the forces and the equipment to post in readiness to meet our many-pronged attack, from Narvik to Brest and Bordeaux, and from Marseilles to Sicily and Crete? Will he be able to cover them with air power? Will he have strong enough forces left over to hold down his squirming little allies, Bulgaria, Roumania, Hungary and Finland, not to speak of Italy? And will he have enough strength, after taking care of all of these contingencies, to strike a telling blow through Spain?

This brings up another basic question in considering the course of the war in '43, and that is whether Germany has still another big offensive in her, as she did in 1918. It is very hard at least, to believe that she could stage another big offensive in Russia. And in the West, if it often seems difficult for us to get at the Germans, it is likewise difficult for the Germans to get at us. An invasion of Britain now would be suicide. A gas attack, in the face of our great power of retaliation, would be a sign that Hitler recognized he was beaten and was seeking the proper Wagnerian end to the drama.

Spain the Only Place

The only place evident where Hitler might deliver an offensive which could seriously upset our plans is through Spain, into Spanish Morocco. If this could be done with sufficient force, and Rommel kept supplied meanwhile with sufficient reinforcements to hold our Army of North Africa and our advancing Eighth Army apart, there is a possibility here of a tidy success for Hitler.

But with the great demands which it is now apparent that the Eastern Front will make upon his resources, can he strike a sufficiently strong blow through Spain? And if he cannot, in view of our powerful forces assembling in Britain, would it be wise for Hitler to extend his arm out through Spain, leaving himself open to a blow against the shoulder on the Channel, just as he extended his other arm to Stalingrad and has been hit on the shoulder from the Middle Don?

"Fortress of Europe"

Then, too, even if the Germans have the power for another big offensive, will they, after the experience of 1918, play their game out this way again? Or do they not indicate, with all their talk of holding what they have and defending the Fortress of Europe, that they have belatedly recognized that it would be a mistake to spend the last ounce of their strength on the offensive?

As nearly as their speeches and propaganda can be trusted to indicate their course, the German leadership decided last Fall to go over to the defensive. "We shall see who tires first," Hitler said September 30. All this propaganda about the Fortress of Europe is intended to discourage us into believing that it would take "years" to overcome the Axis in such a struggle, by which time most of the Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French, Yugoslavs and Greeks whom we are trying to rescue would have perished, along with European civilization. This effort of Hitler's for a compromise peace may also represent a compromise with his generals, who, it is commonly believed, would like to find such an end to the war.

Just One More Effort

"Just one more big effort," one can hear Hitler exhorting them last Fall; "let us just get a grip on the Volga at Stalingrad, breach the line of the Caucasus and the British defences of Egypt, and with the strategic position and the resources which we will then possess we can stand them off until they are tired of it and call quits."

Had he been able to finish these jobs which he started in 1942—and he came close enough in each case—then our prospects would have been very different at this moment; although his "fortress" would still have lacked a roof to protect it from our bombing assault and our ascendancy in air power would still have been enough, I believe, to give us victory within a couple of years.

But Hitler failed to achieve all of these goals and his fortress has been breached in the East and the South even as he begins to defend it. It has no real Eastern "wall", nor could it have one stretching from Leningrad to the Caucasus. If Hitler had consolidated the forces which he still possessed last June along a Dnieper-Gulf of Riga line, he might have held that. A still more favorable line, only half as long, would be from the Carpathians to the Niemen and the Baltic, roughly from Przemsyl to Brest to Kaunas. A Soviet attack against that position would be channelled north or south of the Pinsk Marshes, and the Germans could meet this with fortified "hedgehog" outposts and two large armies of manoeuvre.

Will we witness such a deep German withdrawal in the east? In the last few days it has looked as though Hitler had already begun to pull back out of the Caucasus, and to pull back his army which had been trying to relieve Stalingrad from the south-west. But the hour is late, and German strategy has not shown its old mastery recently.

The folly of staying so long in the Caucasus and at Stalingrad, and even sending further troops towards the latter place, instead of falling back to cover the Donetz-Rostov sector firmly, is only exceeded by the folly of the German Command in pressing down into this sack at all, after they had failed last summer to secure the mouth of it, at Voronezh.

While German strategy falters, Soviet strategy shows a sure and masterly touch. The squeeze from the Middle Don to close the mouth of the sack on the Germans in the great southern salient has been obvious enough for months past, and Nazi news bulletins have even told of the massing of enemy forces in the Voronezh sector. Because it was so obvious it required clever handling, and this it has had, in addition to the unexpected aid of German mistakes.

Fooled the Germans

Note how the Russians bit first at the heavy end of the southern salient, around Stalingrad, then struck on the Central Front, around Rzhev, to draw German strategic reserves in that direction. Only then, when the Germans had weakened the Donetz-Rostov sector by sending forces to the relief of Stalingrad instead of drawing this large army back, did the Soviets launch the "pay-off" offensive from the Middle Don.

And here, in spite of its obviousness, they appear to have achieved a considerable surprise in the actual location and strength of the attack. No railway connections whatever reach to the neighborhood of Boguchar, from where it was launched. There is a branch line terminus 50 miles to the north, while another line passes 100 miles to the east. This means that the Russian spearhead, now approaching Kamensk, is over 150 miles from any supply railway. Nor will this situation be improved until the double-track line from Voronezh down to Millerovo can be cleared and put into operation.

It was plainly from the neighborhood of Voronezh or Liski that the Germans expected the Russian blow, although they seem to have under-estimated its strength and speed, just as they have under-estimated every factor in the Russian campaign from the very beginning.

Are the Germans going to be caught in South Russia? Is there going to be a great debacle there? Or will they show at least something of that tenacity and inherent discipline, something of their old strategic ability, which combined to thwart the Soviet winter offensive a year ago? We had better be cautious in our hopes.

Winter Prospects

Yet it is already evident that this winter offensive is going to achieve more than last year's. It is much better prepared, and from Henry Shapiro's dispatches from the Stalingrad front, and from the evidence of the number of Germans surrendering this winter, it faces an enemy much weakened in spirit, with over-extended supply lines, and insufficient air transport to fill the gap, as it did last year.

It seems likely that the great southern salient will be reduced, with the Germans lucky to get half of their forces out of it. The severe losses which the Germans have already suffered, and the further losses which they will suffer, in the south, hold out a good possibility that they may also be forced back out of the big Central Front pocket, around Smolensk, Vyazma and Rzhev. After that, a drive south of Staraya Russa towards Pskov might force back the German left wing around Leningrad.

Once that happened, Finland would recognize that the game was lost, and not remain long in the war. That might be the first crack in the Axis alliance, or it might come in Roumania, where a dreadful situation must exist. We can look for guerrilla warfare to grow here, as well as in Bulgaria and perhaps Hungary; and the time will come when Germany will be hard put to spare garrison troops for this whole area.

After Tunisia, Sardinia

The actual collapse of Germany's satellite allies might be hastened by our Middle Eastern heavy bombers. From Cyprus we can reach Sofia and Bucharest; and from Bizerta, we could reach Budapest. We must also, at long last, make a real effort to smash the Roumanian oil refineries.

Cleaning up in Tunisia may take a good many weeks yet, so that it is unlikely that we can be ready to invade Sardinia (which ought to be easier to take, and would provide a more advanced position, than Sicily) until early spring. If we crossed the English Channel shortly after that, and took a couple of months to build up a continental base, while pounding Germany mightily from the air, it might be early summer before we could send our big drive through Belgium. With the best of luck, Germany might be beaten by next Fall.

Two cautions, however: Mr. Churchill has reminded us that 1943 will dawn "red": there will be heavy casualties in all this fighting. And in Germany this time we face a group of desperadoes unlike anything which existed in the German set-up in 1918. The Nazi leaders, the Gestapo and the S.S., greatly expanded with fanatical graduates of the Hitler Youth, know that their positions, their possessions, and their very necks are at stake.

We have to count on them fighting to the bitter end, and carrying out prodigious destruction before they are subdued. A time will come, however, when they will no longer be able to drive the rest of the army and the people before them, no longer able to control the vast and complicated war machine.

Victory in '43

1943 ought to be the year of victory over Germany, but it may be a terrible one. And if it brings victory, let us also remember that it will bring the problems of world peace and demobilization of our war industry. We had better get busy thinking and planning to cope with these problems, scarcely less difficult, if less desperate, than fighting a war.

It is true that if, as Mr. Churchill has suggested, the war against Japan lasts a year or so longer than the war in Europe, the transition from a war footing to a peace footing will be easier for us to make. Once we finish Germany, defeating Japan will be mainly a matter of shifting our overwhelming forces into position.

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Looking Up the Family Tree

MEN BEFORE ADAM by Anne Terry White. (Macmillans $3.25.)

SCIENTIFIC inquiry into the ancestry of man was no easy road. Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* were called assaults on religion and roused controversies which raged like the wild wind. Even to this hour there are people who insist that the Genesis story is factual history rather than high poetry. Certainly in the remote past there was a first man, differentiated from the nearest beasts, but the strange notion of Archbishop Usher that he could be dated at 4004 B.C. is shared by fewer and fewer religionists, and by no scientists.

But only a generation ago Science generally was fully as obscurantist as the Church of the period. Geology had revealed the structure of the earth and the slow modifications of its surface. The remains of prehistoric monsters were discovered in strata which had taken at least 100,000 years to be laid down by streams, gouged by ice, uplifted by Olympian forces, but even geologists declared that fossil remains of man would never be found, since he was a latecomer to the earth.

Consequently as such remains were discovered, first by the merest fragments, such as a tooth, or the crown of a skull, the experts cried trickery, or error and refused to be convinced. This book traces the successive discoveries which by their mass and by the place of the remains in association with relics of the auroch, the mammoth and the cavebear, long ago extinct, at last converted the most stubborn of the know-it alls.

So comes a clear picture of the Neanderthal man, and his successor the Cro-Magnon whose marvellous paintings on the walls of forgotten caverns startled the most accomplished modern artists. The author's knowledge of anthropology is matched by a most alluring literary style and her sympathetic study of all the famous searchers and discoverers in this field holds the reader's interest like a detective story. This is a great book worthy of the widest circulation.

Talk of the Living Dead

BY W. S. MILNE

THE RAFT AND SOCRATES ASKS WHY, by Eric Linklater; (Macmillans, $1.50.)

SOME months ago, the B.B.C. broadcast a *Conversation Piece* by Mr. Linklater, called *The Cornerstones*, in which Lincoln, Confucius, Lenin and a young airman discuss the foundations of the new world that must be built when the present emergency is successfully disposed of. The two dialogues in the present book are further pieces of the same sort. The first was broadcast in August, and the other in October.

The Raft is a conversation among the spirits of six nearly-dead survivors of a torpedoed ship. "Their minds have been released from pain, and their thoughts make conversation." They talk of the people of Britain and the Empire, and whether they are capable of writing with honor a new chapter of history. The stoker concludes the dialogue with the words: "Set us a proper course, and we shan't fail you."

Socrates Asks Why is set in Elysium, after dinner, on the loggia of a country club. Lincoln, Voltaire and Dr. Johnson abide the questioning of Socrates; Beethoven is asleep nearby. The young R.A.F. pilot of *The Cornerstones* makes an appearance, accompanied by an American Marine from Wake island, and a Scots piper killed at Singapore. What are we fighting for? Socrates asks, and will not be content with the conventional replies. It is a plea for consciousness of our purpose, for a concrete expression of our hopes and dreams. Beethoven sums it up: "Do not think peace to be . . . mere rest from toil and relapse from war. That is only the peace of dying." He pleads for "the creative trinity: desire and vision and determination", and the conversation is rounded off by the playing of the fourth movement of Beethoven's Seventh, as if the discussion had reached a level where words were inadequate.

These imaginary conversations follow a very old literary tradition, but Mr. Linklater has brought to them a rich freshness of treatment and a salty humor that makes them very good reading indeed. In the first piece, the speakers, while the thought of each is individual and proper to his character, all voice their thoughts in the same sort of English, the strong, simple, clear prose of which Linklater is a master. In the second, the characterizations are much more vivid; each great shade speaks in a rather delightful parody of his own reported or written style. Dr. Johnson is particularly well done. This is a book to hearten one, and set one thinking and hoping. I have already read it twice with delight, and intend to see that my friends read it too.

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Grief and the Maiden

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE MAN MISS SUSIE LOVED, by Augusta Tucker. (Musson. $2.75.)

THE WHITE QUEEN, by Betty Baur. (Macmillans. $3.00.)

CLOUD-WALKING, by Marie Campbell. (Oxford. $3.00.)

THE first-named of these tales erects an impressive monument to the belief that once a woman has truly loved she is forever changed. Sympathy and wisdom well out from her, and the whole world is enriched. Thousands and thousands of words are expended on the grief of young Miss Susie whose lover is killed in an accident, till the sympathetic heart of the reader can be wrung no more. Well over half the book is devoted to this notion beloved of the ancients, but the ancients would never have dared to ruin the unity of their tragedies by such a display. Yet the rest of the story is interesting, dealing, as it does, with the foundation of the John Hopkins University and Hospital in Baltimore. Clearly Miss Tucker has great talents and great industry, and there are many turns of phrase that show remarkable powers of observation. The negro talk is also beautifully caught. If only she had not elected to play the numerous variations on the one theme, and had captured Miss Susie's grief in a couple of thousand words, then we might have had a great success.

I think the publishers put the wrong emphasis on the merits of *The White Queen* when they suggest that it pictures the attitude of the British during the Munich period. It is true that Miss Baur does touch upon social problems, but she is then at her weakest. Valiantly she attempts to draw a character who was brought up in a London slum, and she tries to give us something of his ideas, but she has found it impossible to approach closely enough to his mentality to give us more than a dilettante picture, seen exclusively from outside, and through the intellect. But her human story is promising. She has shown us two people who honestly try to give thought to their personal relationships and do something about them instead of merely being emotional about them, and tolerating them. Incidentally the portrait of the man Richard is much better than that of Deborah who is a rather incredible creature. This is a significant attitude of the present day, and though there is as yet no evidence to show that it is any better approach to life than the older, instinctive, one, there can be no doubt that the application of the intelligence to the emotions may be the herald of many profound changes in human evolution. The supreme duty of the serious novelist is to live within his time, and to use the mobile framework of character and plot to point to these movements of evolution. Miss Baur does this one thing well, and her book, for all its faults of immaturity, is thus worth reading.

Cloud-Walking is a specialist novel, quite without interest for the ordinary reader, but possibly rich in material for the student of regional culture, local customs, and social history in the United States. The etymologist likewise will perhaps find some choice morsels to his taste in the dialect in which the whole book is written. But this same dialect of the mountain people in Kentucky will prove an almost insuperable obstacle to the searcher after entertainment. I cannot help feeling that Alberta Hannum, who also writes of the mountain people (*The Gods and One*, reviewed in these columns in 1941) has chosen a better method of presenting them to us by putting only the dialogue into the native tongue. Miss Campbell is self-conscious in her use of it, continually harping on the same outlandish word. She seems to be so busy translating, that her story of the impact of the ideas of the plains upon the traditions and culture of the people loses much of its force.

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A Glance at Things Various

NO HIDING PLACE, by William Seabrook. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY may be wished on a man by his publishers or his admiring relatives, but usually it is a flower of self-conceit, often beautiful and generally informing. Here is one which is by no means beautiful and adds little or nothing to the public stock of useful knowledge. Yet it is written with a grace and power that in themselves give it distinction.

William Seabrook, son of a Southern preacher, exiled to Kansas, went to Europe as a high-class hobo, since he had neither money nor profession. He learned French, German and Italian without trying and, drifting back to the States in the steerage, got a job as a reporter on the Atlanta *Journal*. Later he turned to advertising, made a lot of money and hated his work. That hatred sent him overseas in the Great War where he drove an ambulance, and got slightly gassed at Verdun.

He came back to New York to be a feature-writer and a "trained seal" for Hearst. That work he hated still more. At last he pulled free, went to Hayti and made a study of voodooism which resulted in a strange and objectionable book called *The Magic Island*. That led him naturally to the Ivory Coast of Africa where the voodoo ceremonies were said to be infinitely more hideous than in Hayti, even extending to cannibal feasts.

Meanwhile he was as promiscuous as a tom-cat, despite the existence of two wives, and was drinking a quart of brandy a day. The natural consequences was dipsomania a return to America and a long confinement in a Mental hospital. Out of that came the book *Asylum*.

The autobiography is clever and tough and unnecessary.

THE NEW INVITATION TO LEARNING, edited by Mark Van Doren. (Macmillans, $4.)

RECENTLY in the middle of an "inspirational" speech flowing out of the radio a five-year-old miss gallantly snapped off the stream remarking "It ain't anything but language."

With this tale in mind consider the fact that the Columbia Broadcasting System is responsible for a series of weekly programs called *Invitation to Learning* which have continued for over two years with apparent satisfaction. A group of eminent persons, generally two or three, with Mark Van Doren as a sort of Chairman talk at large about some notable author whose work is accepted as a classic of its kind.

The conversation is unrehearsed, consequently it's often loose and formless. Critical judgments, especially original ones, suddenly dragged out of the twilight of consciousness into the light of common day seldom do themselves justice.

Thirty-two of these Approaches to Culture are set down in this book. For the most part the talk skims the surface of the subjects, which is to be expected. And when it dips more deeply, as Bertrand Russell does in the discussion of Spinoza (when he separates the ethic and the metaphysic as mutually contradictory) the ordinary listener, and perhaps the reader in the re-broadcast by printers' ink, is over his head.

After all, some one else's five minutes of talk about a great book or a great author is not necessarily valid for me. If it brings me to read the book and form my own opinions the talk may have been profitable. Otherwise it's just language.

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN, by Harry W. Flannery. (Ryerson, $3.75.)

MR. FLANNERY succeeded William L. Shirer as the Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He was there from October 1940 to October 1941, not being, at first, too hostile in spirit to affect his work. He says "I was one of those people who were known as 'open-minded,' who did not believe that Nazi Germany was necessarily a threat to the United States, who believed that it was at least possible that we might do business with Hitler."

In his last chapter he writes: "I realized more with every week and month that no such godless, cruel, merciless government could be suffered to continue, that it must be stamped to death as one would crush a snake."

That was a profitable education to acquire in one short year. The astonishing thing is that a man of Mr. Flannery's schooling, intelligence and training as a news-man could be so 'dumb' at the beginning; after the rape of Poland and France!

The book lacks the dramatic quality of *Berlin Diary* and is cluttered up by sentimental self-pity on being separated from his wife and daughter.

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Write F. H. C. Baugh, M.D.
Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.

THIS WEEK IN RADIO

Army Show and Christmas Shows

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

"IT SEEMS an odd fact worthy of notice that the man who had long since retired as chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation suddenly finds himself an ace commentator in front of the microphone," writes L. S. B. Shapiro, the noted Canadian war correspondent now in England. He was referring to L. W. Brockington, K.C., special adviser to the British Ministry of Information, who is now enroute to Australia and New Zealand on a war mission. The same thought has been occurring to many Canadians who have listened with deep interest to the stirring broadcasts of Mr. Brockington from London, Ottawa, Washington and other places. There can be little doubt that the former special aide to Canada's Prime Minister is now rendering a far wider service than was possible had he remained on the Prime Minister's personal staff, or with the CBC, but it is curious to note how a man's abilities are often more readily accepted in a far-off country. Since going to England to work with Mr. Brendan Bracken, Mr. Brockington's career in British radio has been little less than meteoric. He has done every possible type of radio show, from quiz expert to eye-witness reporter and war correspondent. Canadians will wish him well on his trip to Australia and New Zealand. They will wish for him good health and vigor.

BY THIS time you will have heard at least one of the several broadcasts by "The Army Show." Reactions from army training camps where the show has been seen as well as heard are good. It will take some months, perhaps, to know what is the Canadian public's attitude toward the program. To our mind, the two broadcasts we heard were a little disappointing. Analyzing the program, one finds little wrong with individual numbers. Capt. Geoffrey Waddington's orchestra sounded just like former orchestras of his when he was on the Wrigley show, the Neilson show, and CBC shows from Toronto and Winnipeg. The choral group in "The Army Show" was pleasant to listen to. Sgt. Jimmy Shields, who has been billed on several leading American network shows as well as the top Canadian broadcasts, is a great asset to the show. The comedy capers of Sgts. Wayne and George Schuster were amusing to some people, we have no doubt. But all in all, there was nothing original. There was nothing daring. There was nothing to make me want to stay at home the next time "The Army Show" is on the air. But this must be said: the show will be a welcome relief to soldiers in camps who must have grown tired of 'teenage tap-dancers and tenors who sing "Give me stout-hearted men."

THE other night it looked as if a cold was going to strike us down, so we got up from dinner and went straight to bed, turned on the radio and left it on until midnight. To lie in your bed and twiddle the radio dial for six solid hours and hear the stuff that comes out of your loudspeaker is really an experience. We'd never done it before, and we hope we'll never be silly enough to do it again. Radio programs aren't meant to be taken that way. It's like going into a movie house where three features are shown. A double-feature program is bad enough, but three would drive a person looney. But what we started out to write was that during this entire evening's radio performances, the highlight was a mystery show featuring Peter Lorre. It was really a thriller. Lorre is a clever actor in the movies. In radio he's just as good. If you ever see Peter Lorre scheduled to appear in a radio show, don't miss him.

LAST week was a remarkable week in radio. The air has been filled with wonderful things. A world deep in the shadows of war has not lost its traditional devotion to Christmas. Radio, perhaps more skilfully than any other medium, drew the whole world closer together and brought the beauty of the Christmas story into the hearts of millions everywhere.

We scarcely know where to begin. Never in the history of broadcasting were so many exciting programs heard over the air. Perhaps the Empire broadcast of His Majesty King George, on Christmas morning, attracted the greatest audience. Like every previous occasion when the King has broadcast, it was a deeply moving moment. The broadcasting of Christmas messages by British children in Canada, to their parents in the Old Country, again brought tears to the eyes of thousands of listeners.

The Office of War Information in the United States produced a star-studded, all-request program for boys in the armed forces everywhere, on Christmas eve. It was an hour show, heard over the four networks, and featured such stars as Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Cary Grant, Ethel Waters, Red Skelton, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Kay Kyser, Jack Benny and Fred Allen. American radio entertainers have been most generous in giving their talent for the entertainment of uniformed men and women, a generosity which, we hope, has been matched by Canadian entertainers.

Bing Crosby's Christmas show was a delight to the thousands of Crosby fans everywhere. Norman Corwin's "Plot to Overthrow Christmas" was presented for the fourth time on CBS. Kate Smith's Christmas show featured Charles Tazewell's drama, "The Small One." "Christmas at Berchtesgaden" was the title of a fanciful Christmas play by Sue Taylor White, who is wife of Paul White, director of public affairs for the CBS. Amos 'n' Andy, in response to many requests from parents, again presented their "Story of the Lord's Prayer." Lotte Lehmann, Metropolitan opera soprano, was guest soloist on Columbia's traditional Christmas carol service. Vox Pop (Parks Johnson and Warren Hull) gave a special party to 100 wives and mothers and 200 children of enlisted men in all branches of the service. NBC picked up a special hour's broadcast from London, England. President Roosevelt delivered a Christmas message on the eve of Christmas. Alexander Woollcott gave an original dramatic reading "Christmas Spirit — 1943." William Shirer broadcast from an American submarine, contrasting what he sees today with the report he made over CBS from a Nazi U-boat in a German harbor on Christmas day three years ago. And 35 Cornish miners sang eight carols from the 2000-foot shaft station of an Idaho-Maryland gold mine in Grass Valley, California.

Over the ~~Canadian~~ networks ~~and~~ the private stations ~~there~~ was an abundance of thrilling Christmas broadcasts. The general manager of the CBC, Dr. James S. Thomson, spoke from Ottawa. The Ottawa Carillon played. The National Farm Forum held "open house." The Mendelssohn Choir, under the direction of Sir Ernest MacMillan, broadcast from Toronto. Winnipeg produced a Christmas fantasy on Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite." Greetings were heard from Canadians serving in Britain. Vancouver produced a nativity play. Halifax broadcast greetings from men of the merchant navy.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Women and Statesmanship?

BY IRENE BAIRD

I LEFT Canada for the United States convinced that the women of North America have a job to do. After a trip which took me all the way from Detroit to San Francisco I am more sure of it than ever. If women have in their blood the vision and the calibre of statesmanship then their day is here.

For the opportunity to travel from coast to coast, thanks must be divided between the Canadian Women's Committee on International Relations, the American Association of University Women at whose invitation I went, and Government Film Commissioner John Grierson for granting me leave to go.

The kindness which I received everywhere was only what I expected from so warm-hearted a nation, but for me the lasting good to come out of the trip was the opportunity to see my own country in perspective. I wish that the whole 11,500,000 of us had had the same chance to turn and look back. Pride in one's country is a funny thing; deep and rare and seldom spoken of, or when it is, too often confused with passing emotionalism. But the pride that I feel in Canada today is unfouled by false sentiment. I hope that I may never fail a country that means so much to me.

Wherever I talked with women in the United States, thinking as much of the women of Canada too, the same questions came constantly to mind. What is our future in public affairs? Can we behave ourselves in peace as well as we are behaving in war? Can we establish our right to a voice in public affairs without our motives becoming twisted by the same kind of private ambition we have so easily criticized in men? How many of us realize the tremendous horizons onto which North America is facing?

In Canada today women make up close to fifty per cent of the population; in the United States, so far as I have been able to check the figures, the ratio is about the same.

That is a sobering thought, but even more a challenging one. The realization of such potential power should put cogence into our thinking and muscle into our plans, raising them far above the field of mere good intentions. It should bring home to us what we can do—if we have the vision to do it.

This, I think, is how our political education has evolved. We have graduated from the domestic to the community; from the community to the national; and we stand today on the lip of the final stage—from the national out into the international.

By that I do not mean that we should run half over the world ill-advisedly seeking out lost causes, but as North Americans we can no more avoid the responsibility for a sane internationalism than we can rely on the breadth of the Atlantic for safety.

The International Mind

We need the international mind today as women have never needed it before, a responsible, informed internationalism tempered with realism, humanity, and the kind of vision without which the people perish. We need the world point of view; the ability to maintain a perspective and to judge all that we do against the background of larger human causes.

We think that we are working now; we may feel that we are using our capacities to the limit. We have only begun. Our real test will come when the firing stops and the world is left with peace on its hands.

We may be far from that day still, yet we dare not so isolate ourselves in the present as not to recognize that the day of peace will come, and when it does there will be a staggering kick-back.

A shattered, seething world, snarling with new dangers, will lie out there in front of us. And it will be a world where women are peculiarly fitted to take responsibility and share leadership for its problems will include the creation of a new social and economic order; new and revolutionary techniques of rehabilitation, child welfare, public health, nutrition, housing—all the common problems of human welfare we know so well, but on a scale and of an urgency greater than anything we have ever conceived.

That day may be a long way off but it will bear thinking about, and I believe that we can begin to prepare against it now by realistically re-examining our objectives, our plans for 1943, to test how far we have already begun to take the future into account.

Produce a Plan

Women should be able to produce a *plan*. We should be able to prepare at least a tentative blueprint of minimum social conditions for post-war reconstruction. We should be able to get down the essentials, no matter how skeleton the form. Because we cannot foresee the future need not prevent our getting to work with the evidence on hand, reinforced by the lessons of history. We can explore the positive approach at a time when the air is still comparatively clear.

Both in Canada and in the United States we are swinging towards full mobilization of womanpower, and that great war-created head of steam must not be shut off nor allowed to waste itself in ineffectual or unimportant directions. No women in history have found themselves with so great a reservoir of power latent in their hands—nor with so great an obligation to use it wisely.

I am no feminist—God forbid! There has always seemed to me few more unnecessary or embarrassing sights than that of a woman consciously competing for position with a man, determined to get the best of the bargain, even if it kills her. Surely if we have learned anything from war it is that that kind of competition is out of date.

Just as men and women are standing shoulder to shoulder up and down our assembly lines; just as they are complementing one another in our fighting services; just as women have as readily given their lives in line of duty as have men, so both halves of creation will have to recognize that a post-war world practical to live in must be built and maintained in running order as a joint concern. The old jealousies between men and women were as wasteful as they were stupid. I cannot believe that our good sense will allow them to come back and cripple us.

If We Must Scheme—

But there is another danger—the struggle for power among women themselves. It is something that does not occur to you until, somewhere in the midst of a good cause, that sinister hydra head appears. The struggle for power among men is as old as the world, as natural as Adam; the fight for power among women is an ugly spectacle, the one evil that can undo us. While we are still fresh in the field of public affairs is the time to safeguard our aims so that they cannot be dragged down to the old, old level of personal advantage. If we must scheme let us go back to the courts and drawing rooms of history, and at least do our throat-slitting in a civilized manner. We are a sorry sight ripping one another apart in front of the microphone at a political rally. With women, power like wine, should be used in the same realistic quantities.

So far we of North America have lived through three years of war in a state of personal safety and we have only now begun to get used to the feel of casualty lists. We have not been among the women of Britain, of Russia, of China, of Europe whose names have helped to build the casualty lists. It is our men who have gone out and done the dying for us.

"And so to bed." With frills out for the duration and government emphasis on fuel economy, long sleeved knitted pyjamas have practical charms.

And while they are scattered to a dozen warfronts all over the world, what do they expect of us? I think that they have the right to expect a great deal. They have the right to expect a unity, an energy, streak of pure, heart-lifting achievement surpassing anything women have ever produced.

Tomorrow's Blueprint

They must feel that they have behind them the greatest-hearted women in history and they must trust us as men have never had to trust in women before.

We who stay at home must be a light and a revelation—and at the same time stay close to the cold steel and brass tacks of realistic thinking. Born into revolution, we must continue to stand waist-deep amid the tearing currents of world change, and through it all we must continue to keep our heads.

In the blue print of tomorrow's world—the world already being created out of today—we women of Canada and the United States have a particular stake; for our two nations have provided the world with an example of mutual respect that has become a byword. We have stood, and we stand today, for a relationship that is unique.

But with it all we remain only part of a whole. For that phrase, United Nations, includes the women of those nations as surely as it includes the men. With the women of Britain, of Russia, of China and of our other allies, we stand committed not only to win this war but to bear our part in shaping the peace that follows it. Whatever we want in the way of a post-war world we shall have to be prepared to work for.

Which brings me back to a question that seems as challenging as any we can ask ourselves today.

Women have been accepted as equal partners in war because they are necessary to the winning of war—

But when the statesmen of the United Nations sit down to write the peace—how many states*women* will sit down with them?

I am confident that in each of the United Nations there is at least one woman who measures up to the calibre of statesmanship, and that at the peace table is where she ought to be.

But before that day comes we have some searching questions to ask among ourselves. What shall be our approach to the field of public affairs? How wide is our vision? How genuine the integrity of our aims? And what kind of women will this new power create? Stateswomen—or politicians?

"Corn on the cob" no longer is a table delicacy unknown to the British. Land Army girls who harvested a small crop for overseas guests this Fall watch as a Red Cross girl from the U.S. shows how an expert eats.

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THE FILM PARADE

Enchantment and Tears

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

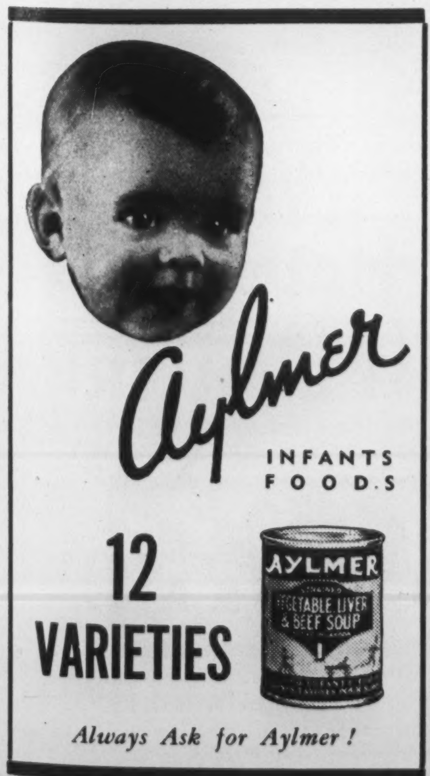
I TOOK the two children to see "Bambi" and they were enchanted with Bambi's woodland childhood and wept passionately all through the latter half of the picture. They began to sob when Bambi's mother was shot by the wicked huntsman and from that point on they went to pieces rapidly. By the time the happy ending came they were past caring and all our handkerchiefs and both pairs of mitts were sodden with tears. I took them to the nearest soda fountain when it was all over and set them up with chocolate sundaes and after a while they grew more cheerful. When I asked them if they would like to see "Bambi" again at our neighborhood theatre they said no, but sometime they'd like to see a children's picture.

In fairness to Disney it must be admitted that the movie treat took place on the satiated day following Christmas when everything indicated a homely treatment of castor oil rather than the Disney catharsis of pity and terror. I still think however that their judgment of "Bambi" though exaggerated was sound. The first half of the film is beautiful, inimitable Disney. The latter half is grown-up material which didn't unfortunately quite grow up to the Disney standards.

On its technical side "Bambi" is probably the best of Disney's six full-length features. The animals are beautifully articulated, the use of color-symbolism is impressive without over-insistence and the studio's employment of the multiplane camera has given the picture a startling sub-surface depth and solidity. If Bambi hadn't had to grow up the latest Disney might easily have been the best. But when the allegory darkens and the elements of tragedy and terror enter, the film loses its fantasy and becomes—for an adult—less ominous than familiar. The violence mounts and mounts, the hunting dogs are let loose like hounds of the Baskervilles with dripping luminous jaws, and Bambi and Faline are barely saved from this terror when a forest fire rages across the screen. The ending is Big Spectacle and spectacle is one of the screen's oldest and easiest tricks; far too old and easy for Great Man Disney.

OVER the years I have developed a useful habit of catnapping through familiar sequences. I don't miss much actually, since the general route by this time is so familiar that I can follow it as easily asleep as awake. So what with the Christmas week rush and the extra work and late hours "Cairo" turned out to be quite a little godsend. The film had to do with a singing musical star (singing musical star Jeanette MacDonald), a small-town newspaper man (Robert Young) and a nest of Nazi spies—all familiar material so that I was able to doze off comfortably and come back at intervals to find myself right on the beam. The film has its gorgeous moments, particularly the one in which Jeanette MacDonald takes a bath in a bathroom rather like the Hall of Mirrors, only grander. In addition it has a number of mechanical tricks and dodges, including sliding walls and panels which open up when someone strikes a tuning fork or even screams in High C. I liked Mona Barrie who, as the Nazi villainess, not only looked handsome but contributed the one strikingly sensible remark of the film. She said she knew a better invention for opening doors than tuning-forks, and when they all said, what was it, Miss Barrie said reasonably, "A doorknob."

"NIGHTMARE" brought more Nazi spies. Diana Barrymore and Brian Donlevy run into them while on a trip to Scotland to evade the police. Miss Barrymore soon gets herself locked up in an old Scottish castle and has to be rescued. Then she gets locked up in an old distillery and has to be rescued again. She's tremendously upper-class through all this and never loses her poise or her sense of moral values—once she even smacks Mr. Donlevy's face because he misunderstands when she drops into his room at midnight for a cigarette, wearing nothing under her polo-coat but a lace nightie. I couldn't make anything of the Barrymore characterization but Miss Barrymore herself is such a high-charged personality that she somehow carries things through, with plenty of excitement, if very little sense.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FEMININE OUTLOOK

Horizontal Sunday

BY MAY RICHSTONE

"LISTEN, my friend," I admonish myself. "It's raining. It's Sunday. You've been flirting with a cold for a week. You feel like the last rose of summer. Your face looks like corrugated cardboard. Why don't you spend the day in bed? The family will manage perfectly well. You're not so indispensable, you know."

"Good advice," myself admits. "Consider it taken."

So I polish off the breakfast dishes, make the beds, paint a seductive curve of lipstick on my lips, powder an interesting pallor on my cheeks and collapse gracefully into bed, with an assortment of books, magazines, cough drops, chocolates and letter writing equipment. Just an optimist!

My family can do for itself. Daughter is thirteen, and capable. Son is four, and inexhaustible. Dad is the helpless member of the household, though his intentions are sublime.

Enough of last night's dinner reposes in the refrigerator to take care of lunch. I settle back with a happy sigh, prepared to relax to the hilt, delighted to catch up on my reading. I open the new biography of Bernard Shaw.

But no. My family is too considerate. One, two and three at a time, they plop down on my bed to keep me from being lonesome. Can I say rudely, "Go away!" Hardly. I can only think it and wish it and smile glumly.

I look forward to a brief interlude of peace while they have lunch. But it is not unalloyed peace, alas. Before going downstairs, Daughter sets the portable radio on my night table and tunes it in. I don't want to know what happens to John's other wife. I am not interested in having my fur coat remodelled at Blumstein's for the phenomenally low price of twenty-five dollars including new buttons and loops. I could cheerfully strangle all the tremulous females who came here to talk for Joe.

But I cannot hurt Daughter's feelings. I turn the radio down so that it is a low obligato to my thought. That's no good either. Loud sounds of clattering dishes, orders being given, objections being over-ruled seep up from the dining room.

Pretty soon Dad comes along, masticating a last morsel.

"What can I bring you?" he inquires kindly.

"I'd love a cup of tea," I admit.

"Sure," he beams vaguely. "Where's the tea?"

I explain the whereabouts of the tea. The canister has stood in the same place since we bought the house three years ago. But Dad never knows where anything is.

"How much sugar?" he asks.

It's been one teaspoon since he has known me, but Dad never remembers.

"Cream or lemon?" he inquires.

I see visions of having to draw a diagram of the refrigerator if I want either.

"Neither!" I decide, grimly.

"You'll have it in a jiffy," he promises. "Where is a tea cup?"

"Ask Daughter for one," I mutter sweetly.

A Cup of Tea

Daughter knows where everything is. So does Son, except that after he has investigated where something is, it isn't there any more. But Dad can't find even the most obvious object. He can stub his toe on it but he can't find it. I am not unduly optimistic about that cup of tea. I wasn't thirsty, anyhow.

I do Dad an injustice. It is a good cup of tea I get—two hours later. Meanwhile I hear sounds of my younger offspring being shunted back and forth.

"Go and see what Daddy is doing," Daughter suggests. "I'll bet he fell down and hurt himself."

There is the patter of feet; then I hear Dad say, "Go and find Sister. I'm sure she wants to play soldiers with you."

Pretty soon Son, like a little lost sheep, pokes his head wistfully in at the door.

"I'm so sorry you're sick," he sighs.

I believe him.

One flying leap and he's on my chest.

"Could you read to me?"

"Please," he adds ingratiatingly.

I look fondly at him, then longingly at my own book. He stretches up and implants a loud wet kiss on my cheek. He knows his power. He knows. I read to him. I can recite that book of his by heart, almost. It's really a charming little book—the story of trains. We could tell you a few things about trains, my son and I.

Did you know that there were tracks before there were trains?—tracks for the horse-drawn, coal-carrying mining carts.

Did you know that locomotives had names instead of numbers, originally—enchanting names like Tom Thumb, Best Friend, Catch-me-who can?

Did you know how the first trains that travelled at night got their light? The locomotive pushed a flat car on which was a pile of sand on which was a bonfire.

Son listens as I read, entranced to the last page. Is he grateful, or satisfied? Not he.

"Again!" he commands.

The best that I can hope for is a compromise. When he is scrubbed and ready for bed, I'll refresh our knowledge of trains. Darn trains anyhow!

Now Daughter appears to ask what I'd like for dinner.

"I'll come down," I say. "I feel much better."

"O no!" she insists. "I'll bring you a tray."

What is this mythical thing known as free will! I get a tray with an egg, bread and butter and tea. Ah, but what does my family get, with Daughter as madonna of the skillet? I gasp when I hear of it. They get canned soup, canned corn, canned sardines and canned pineapple. My whole emergency shelf decimated at one fell swoop.

"Good girl!" I praise Daughter, and am rewarded by her grateful smile.

But I am forgetting. The whole supper is not thanks to the courtesy of the can-opener. There are fresh string beans which Daughter put on to boil.

I smell something suspicious and yell down, "Look at the string beans, Dad!"

"All right," he calls back.

Pretty soon clouds of smoke roll upstairs.

I hear Daughter berating her Dad. "Didn't mother tell you to look at the string beans?"

"I did," he defends himself. "I looked at them."

Obviously he is innocent. He followed orders. No one told him to remove the cover when he looked at the pot, or to remove the burning beans from the fire. And at their current price, what a tragedy!

Daughter does yeoman work in the kitchen after dinner, then comes up and drops wearily on my bed. Son has preceded her. Dad follows on her heels.

"It's time for a certain young man to be put to bed," I hint.

Everybody groans.

"Let Sister do it!" Dad beseeches.

"I just finished the dinner dishes," Daughter wails.

"But I did the lunch ones," Dad reminds her.

"Sure, and you left half of them under the sink," snorts Daughter.

"Come now," I intervene. "Supposing I toss a coin."

They beam. I toss. Daughter wins.

"Unfair!" Dad yells. "Who said she could call it? Make it two out of three."

"No sir!" says Daughter flatly.

"Come on, be a good sport," urges Dad.

"O all right," she relents.

I toss again. Dad wins.

Now there is a flurry of fingers to choose who calls the last toss. Dad wins the chance to call.

"Heads," says Dad.

Heads it is. With a lugubrious sigh, Daughter proceeds to prepare a recalcitrant small boy for the lullaby lady. Son can be captivated into doing anything readily by an appeal to his imagination. But Daughter is weary, and her ingenuity has worn threadbare; so wails of anguish ensue. Finally the deed is done.

More Trains

Scrubbed, pajama-ed and teary-eyed, Son clambers into bed beside me and once more we read about—guess what? You're right. Trains, of course.

Thus ends my day in bed. Daughter and Dad are both limp from the ordeal of substituting for mother. Actually, they haven't done a tithe of what my normal day entails. No sweeping, cooking, dusting, mending, marketing, laundry—yet they look as though they've been through the mill. In truth, they had a hard day of it.

As for me, though I didn't manage to read two consecutive chapters, or write a single letter, though next morning my cold blossomed into a corker, the day in bed did my ego a heap of good.

In my own small world, in my own small way, in some small measure, I *am* indispensable!

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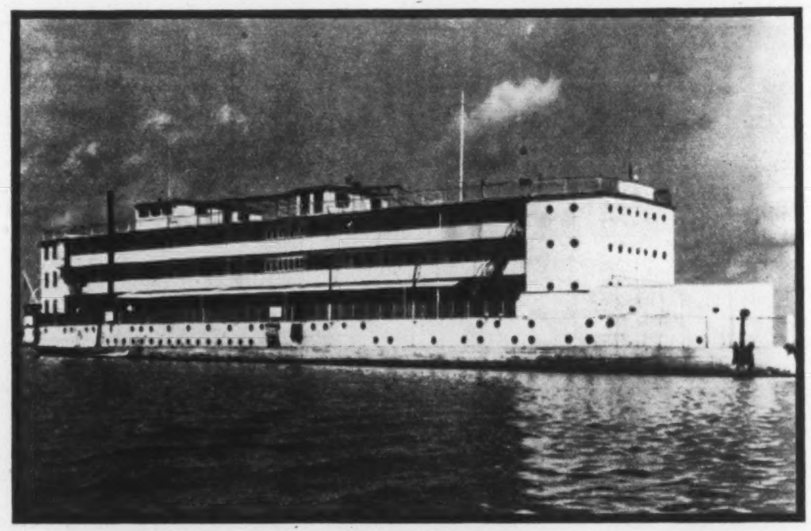
MUSICAL EVENTS

Recording the Song-Birds

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

CONSIDERABLE attention has been bestowed on a very entertaining volume, "The Music Goes Round". The title involves a pun, for its author, F. W. Gaisberg, presents a history of disc gramophone recording. Its rise and growth, which has had a tremendous influence on the diffusion of musical taste, dates from Emile Berliner's invention of the gramophone using disc, at the time when he was a dry-goods clerk in Washington half a century ago. The cylindrical records invented by Edison were merely a toy, but the disc, easily handled and stored, was a triumph. Mr. Gaisberg was associated from the outset with Berliner in securing of musical and other recordings that might meet popular taste. His memories date from a time when the art did not soar higher than renderings of "After the Ball" and "Down Went McGinty". As he says, the public now takes the most beautiful recordings casually, unconscious that the manufacture of album series containing entire symphonies by the greatest orchestras is the result of fifty years of ceaseless scientific endeavor. In fact reproduction did not become very important musically until 1925 when electrical recording made possible orchestral and solo instrumental discs of a relatively perfect character. Up to that time the chief reliance was on singers, and today vocal records are probably the best sellers.

Mr. Gaisberg's book does not confine itself to the achievements of inventors and scientists. His task has been that of catering to the listener, and until the outbreak of the present war he was probably the greatest employer of singers and musicians in the world, with contacts embracing everyone of importance in Europe and America. His accounts of musical personalities are fascinating. For instance he tells of taking Tetrazzini to the London Coliseum to see Gracie Fields in a sketch wherein she played a charwoman scrubbing an opera house stage. She had a song "I want to be an opera singer and sing like Tetrazzini" in which she introduced burlesque cadenzas. Tetrazzini laughed so loud that she could be heard all over the house. Afterwards Mr. Gaisberg introduced the prima donna to Gracie and they proved congenial souls. He explains that the reason Tetrazzini's name was quite unknown in England and America until she was in her late thirties, though she had been singing brilliantly since she was 16, was that she could make so much money in South America that she did not need to bother with the rest of the world. Though as a girl she won a great success in Rome she was not heard there again for many years.



Like Canada's capital city, Washington is a crowded place these days. Just how crowded, is suggested by this picture of one of its "floating hotels" along the Potomac. This one has 75 rooms, is 265 feet long.

The Siege of Melba

Like Tetrazzini, Melba was more than a prima donna. She was in the diva class and well she knew it. Strangely enough, he had great difficulty in inducing her to make recordings. Landon Ronald, one of the first English musicians associated with recording, made unsuccessful overtures all through the season of 1906. She finally capitulated when she heard a Caruso record at a dinner party given for her in Monte Carlo by Camille Saint-Saens. In those early days there was no studio worthy of so great a celebrity; and the equipment was set up in the drawing-room of her London mansion. Their greatest coup in that day was a recording of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" violin obligato by Kubelik.

Mr. Gaisberg tells of an occasion when a record of the quartet from "Rigoletto" was made by Melba, Sammarco, Kirkby Lunn and John McCormack. The Irishman arrived very late and was whipped by the diva with a truly cutting remark. He retorted with an outpouring of the choicest Irish and Australian epithets; but when the storm was over all sang like angels.

Though she drove and kept hard bargains there was nothing mean about Melba. During the last war she earned half a million dollars for Empire charities, and her artistic generosity was shown in backing an Australian tour by the Italian coloratura Toti dal Monte.

One of the most profitable singers for the record manufacturers was Amelita Galli-Curci. Making records of her was difficult owing to her tendency to sing off pitch. She might have to repeat 25 times before a satisfactory result was obtained; but phenomenal sales in England and America repaid all the trouble. This was in part due to the fact that Galli-Curci loomed on the horizon at a time when earlier prima donnas had passed their prime.

Mr. Gaisberg gives an interesting summary of best sellers in eight countries in the period from 1908 to 1914. Great Britain, Melba; Italy, Giuseppina Huguet; France, Maria Barrientos; Austria, Selma Kurz; Germany, Frieda Hempel; Russia, Neshdanova; U.S.A., Geraldine Farrar. The names of Huguet and Neshdanova mean nothing to persons on this side of the Atlantic. The French vogue of Barrientos is the more interesting because she was a Spaniard.

For School Choirs

Recently in writing of a carol concert by pupils of one of Toronto's collegiate institutes the writer spoke of similar achievement in similar institutions everywhere. There comes to hand an interesting book, "Sweet Singing in the Choir" (Oxford University Press, $2), by a renowned English authority, Dr. J. Frederic Staton, specifically intended to assist teachers struggling with the problems of school choirs. Few musicians are better known to the people of this country than Dr. Staton. Of late years he has been a musical globe-trotter, who has adjudicated almost from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. In Canada he has served at many provincial festivals and less expansive contests. Until recently he made his headquarters at Vancouver, but has now become identified with the McGill Conservatorium at Montreal. The present book is a compilation of lectures delivered at summer schools in Canada, and to it Sir Ernest MacMillan contributes a Foreword. Sir Ernest testifies to his ready wit, and very apt vocabulary, qualities essential in a "teacher of teachers". "Instruction books of this type", he says, "while admirable in other respects, too often miss their mark by sheer dullness. No one, I fancy, will find this book dull."

In speaking of his main purpose, Dr. Staton says that having listened to singing in elementary and secondary schools in many parts of the world, he has come to the conclusion that something must be done about the intonation of children. "Could not the children of the Empire," he asks, "be taught to realize more forcibly the beauty and flexibility of the English language in song?" These discourses had their genesis when Hon. Ivan Schulz, Minister of Education for Manitoba, gave him an opportunity to help teachers by engaging him to conduct a Summer School at Singoosh Lake. Since then Dr. Staton has directed similar schools in British Columbia and Ontario. The book seeks to stimulate the imagination, and he hopes that its ideas, expounded briefly, will be developed by the skill, personality and experience of the teacher. The first chapter deals with that patient and much tried individual, the classroom pianist, for whom he provides sage counsel. Other subjects are children's voices, intonation, verbal technique, phrasing, conducting, faults in class singing, competitions, class management, and the choice of songs. It is a book which, though designed to assist school teachers, is worthy of the attention of all choir-trainers.

Quebec Makes Protest

The prevailing habit in the United States of classifying all Canadian singers at the Metropolitan Opera House as Americans has moved Adrien Descantels of the Tourist Bureau of the Province of Quebec to write in protest to New York music editors. A specific case of wrong classification is Raoul Jobin, a tenor who has made several appearances this season. The writer also mentions that Edward Johnson, Wilfrid Pelletier, and Jacques Girard, one of the new tenors, are Canadians. Others of Canadian birth who have sung at the Metropolitan of recent seasons are Mona Paulee, born at Edmonton; Nicholas Massue, born in Winnipeg, and Jean Dickenson, born in Montreal. When Mary Garden brought Eduardo di Giovanni (Edward Johnson) from Italy to the Chicago Grand Opera over twenty years ago he was at once claimed as an American by a well-known New York critic of that day. The present writer who happened to know the critic, wrote explaining Mr. Johnson's origins. In reply the critic said that he regarded all Canadians as Americans anyway, and the matter was of no consequence. But he had to admit that he would have to face a hullabaloo if he inadvertently wrote that a singer born, say, in Kansas City, was a native of Brooklyn.

Ernest Grossart, as he appears in the remarkable play "Angel Street" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, during this week and next.

Yehudi Menuhin, the famous young violinist to be heard in recital at Massey Hall, Toronto, January 7.

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CONCERNING FOOD

"It Was the Best Butter"

BY JANET MARCH

USUALLY a visit to the grocer's at this time of year is something of a chore, but since butter rationing went into effect the spirit of loving kindness, which had been conspicuously lacking between the two sides of the counter, has reappeared, and you see complete strangers swapping butter experiences and passing the time happily while they wait to be told there are no raisins and their favorite brand of biscuits is lacking.

Such minor reverses are taken quite cheerfully, though. Now that we have butter we can take it, but when it took an hour to find half a pound—why then we snarled at our fellow customers and looked at the boy in the chain store suspicuously as if he had a secret horde hidden under the oranges.

Donald Gordon acted just in time to give us a dose of Christmas spirit and make the New Year definitely happier for housekeepers. Evidently greasing palms and wheels is not really as important as lubricating the alimentary tract. We are quite willing to become experts in coupon values, colors and maturing dates to avoid the particular bedlam in which we lived for some weeks. Indeed a good many people gave up the battle, deciding they preferred their toast butterless to enduring the inconveniences of supplying themselves. The natural born fighters won out, like the lady who surveyed from the door a throng waiting in a chain store for the supply which the manager promised shortly. "There's butter in the chain across the road," she said gently and deceitfully to her neighbor, and in a moment she was alone with the manager and a large box full of butter. Needless to say she also left those parts swiftly clutching her allotted pound.

Now we are left with an adequate amount, but certainly all those lovely recipes which call for half a pound or a cupful are out. Now we must look for desserts with little butter as well as sugar, and that points right to using fruits. There are things which you can do with fruits to dress them up. Wine improves the flavor of preserved fruit in a lot of cases and makes a change for the family who may look a little bleakly on a dish of plain canned fruit as dessert. If you have some bottles of good varieties of Canadian wine on hand you can turn out a fine dessert quickly.

Peaches and Port Wine

1 can, or bottle of peaches
1 cup of port wine

Heat together, but do not let the mixture boil. Chill and serve with cream.

Jellied Prunes in Wine

½ pound of prunes
¼ cup of port wine
¼ cup of sugar
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
3 tablespoons of granulated gelatine

Soak the prunes in two cups of cold water for some hours or over night. Then stone them and cut them up in smallish pieces. Save the water they soaked in. Put the gelatine in half a cup of cold water, and then add the prune water and enough boiling water to make a total of two cups of liquid. Strain and add the prunes. Stir in the sugar and wine, pour into a mould and chill.

Apricots and Port

Allow half a cup of port wine to a can of apricots, and serve with cream.

Pears were always a favorite with French chefs and even in the days of unlimited everything they favored a simple ice or fruit with a little trimming as the ideal sweet at the end of a fine dinner.

Pears and Cheese

Drain the halves or quarters of the pears well and spread the pieces with cream cheese and sprinkle with grated nuts.

If you have any maple sugar you can make a wonderful party dessert this way.

Maple Sugar Cream

½ cup of grated maple sugar
1 cup of hot milk
3 eggs
1 cup of cream
Salt

Beat the eggs well and add a sprinkle of salt. Then stir in the maple sugar. Sometimes this is hard to grate and it is easier to scrape it with a knife. Heat the milk, but not to boiling point and add it, and then the cream. Put the mixture in the double boiler and beat all the time while it is cooking until the mixture coats a spoon. Then remove at once and chill. Serve with more grated maple sugar.

Baked Apples with Wine

6 apples
Grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons of sugar
½ cup of water
½ cup of red wine
Raisins (if you have any)

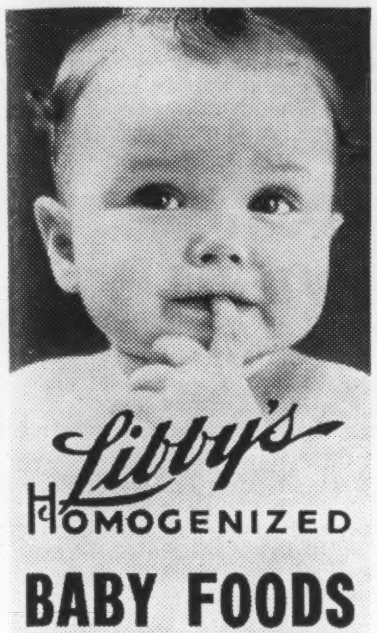
Core the apples. Make a syrup with the water, sugar, lemon rind and red wine and pour over the apples. Put a few raisins in the hole left when cored, and if you like cinnamon sprinkle with it. Cover and bake in a slow oven until the apples are tender. You should baste with the wine syrup often while cooking and the time will depend on the size of the apples.

If you are having a party you might like to have eggnog either as a dessert at dinner or as an alternative to cocktails.

Eggnog

8 eggs
8 tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 cups of cream
Nutmeg
1 cup of milk
½ cup of sherry
1 cup of rum, or brandy, depending on which you have on hand

Beat the egg yolks well and add the sugar and nutmeg. Stir in the sherry and rum or brandy. Beat the egg whites till they are very stiff and fold them in. Then add the cream and milk slowly and chill till you serve.



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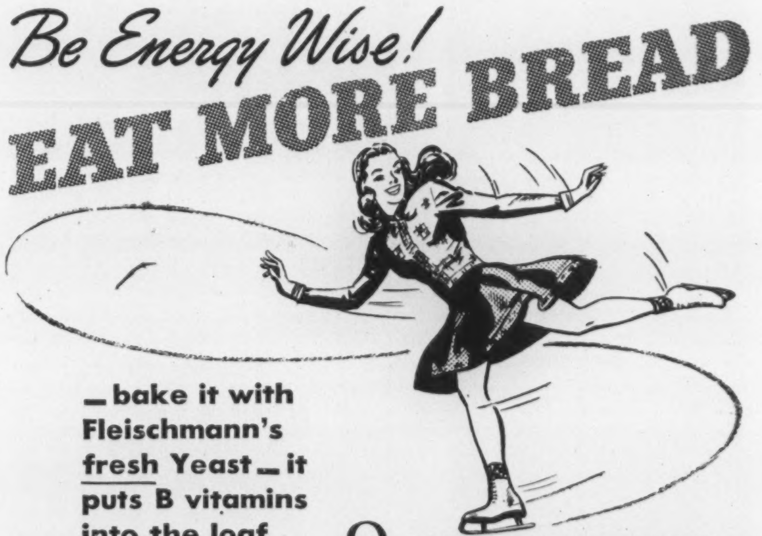

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TP10-42

Sitting Pretty for the Duration

BY ANNE TALBOT

TEENIE, the typist, read in the papers that they had opened a Central Casting Bureau which would give jobs to everybody. Teenie was handy at a lot of things—being one of those girls who will try anything once. The papers said that jobs were going begging. Teenie thought she had seen everything, but she had never seen a job begging. So, she made a bee-line down to this government employment agency to grab a job—which would keep her sitting pretty for the duration.

It was a very large building, and when she got inside she found a couple of thousand girls and women of assorted sizes, color, ages and weight who had the same idea as herself. They were seated on rows of chairs in separate groups.

The woman at Information told her she could sit in any group, but she must first get a Card . . . which meant she had to go through a kind of quizz. Quizzes were right up Teenie's alley, because what she didn't know she made up.

Musical Chairs

After she got her Card and took a look over the crowds, she saw they were going through queer antics. Not really queer, if there had been a piano accompaniment, because then it would have been Musical Chairs. Every few minutes the whole bunch would jump up together and plop down on the next chair. Teenie was curious to know what happened to the girl at the end of the row. Did they bump her off? She craned her neck to see. No, the end girl wasn't bumped off. She was beckoned by a woman and got up and ran without being pushed . . . over to one of several desks in the middle of the room, and sat down opposite another woman who put on another quizz.

Teenie chose the biggest group, because in any game she always thought the more the merrier. It was fun flopping up and down from chair to chair, and ought to be good for the figure . . . a far easier way to get streamlined than picking up beads off the floor. By the time she had got around to the front row, the seams on her skirt had started to split. But what the heck—she was on her way to a cushy job wasn't she?

When Teenie got to the last chair, she looked around and counted how many she had sat on. There were four rows with 12 chairs in each row . . . four times 2 are 8, and four times 1 are 4 and nothing to carry—which equals 48 chairs Teenie sat on before the woman beckoned her and she got up and ran.

The lady whose desk Teenie sat at, smiled at her and asked what kind of jobs she had worked at. Teenie told about all her different jobs, all she could remember, and the woman asked, "Why did you leave so many jobs?"

Teenie wasn't going to say she had been fired, so she murmured, "To take another job."

"What kind of job would you *like?*

Night Club Hostess

Teenie had stopped believing in Santa Claus, but she was a good little gambler, so she said she would like to be a social hostess at a night club so she could sleep till noon.

The woman looked over a bunch of cards spread on the desk in front of her. She told Teenie they were just out of hostess jobs at night clubs, but how would she like to make pretty pasteboard boxes? She could sleep till noon, because it was an afternoon job, and she would be paid by the hour. Teenie said that would be "okedoke" because she had always had to wait two weeks for her pay. So the woman wrote out a prescription which she called a "permit," and told Teenie to take it to that address.

When Teenie got to the address expecting to find an artist's studio—because the woman had said it was nice, clean, artistic work — guess what? It was a paper box factory.

She handed her permit to the employment man, and he handed it right back to her saying, "Very sorry, but we have been sent more hands than we can use. Please take it back to the employment office and they will give you another permit to hunt another job."

When Teenie got back again, what do you know! Every one of the 48 chairs were filled again. She would have had to start at the foot and bump up and down 48 times more before she could get another permit. So she decided to call it a day and go and buy herself a coke.

Teenie had a bright idea next morning. She bought a 25-cent box lunch, to save time eating it while playing progressive chairs. Wasn't she glad she did, for they had added an extra row at the back, which made 60 chairs.

What Teenie liked about these "surprise" lunch boxes was, you never knew what would jump out at you. For the first 3 rows she amused herself guessing. In the middle of the fourth she got so hungry she undid the string and fished inside the box. Her fingers closed over something smooth and squishy. A hard boiled egg! The yolk had been devilled, and packed back in again and fastened with a tooth-pick.

The only *safe* way to eat it would be to clutch it in the left hand, throw back the head slightly and let the teeth sink in. Safe—that is, if you weren't laboring under fluctuating conditions. But any sudden contact with another solid mass—and one or the other had to spill.

A Better Job

It was the egg took a flier. You might have thought it was the hen herself the way it flew over the hat of the woman in front, and when it lit on the floor you could almost hear it crow. Teenie turned away, refusing to have truck nor trade with it, but not before she saw a woman's heel sink into it. She popped the lunch-box into her bag, where wild horses couldn't have dragged it out of.

When Teenie handed back yesterday's permit, it was another interviewer. She looked like a co-ed, with long bob, a blue pullover and plaid skirt.

"Never mind," she told Teenie, "because here's a better job. Are you quick and accurate at figures?"

Teenie said she was accurate, but not so speedy. The way Teenie knew she was accurate was she had ten fingers. Adding up on your fingers you can get the right answer to any column of figures no matter how high, wide and handsome. So this co-ed wrote out a permit and told Teenie it was an afternoon job.

But Teenie was cagey after yesterday's wild goose chase. She asked if the job was still open.

"Yes, it's wide open," said the co-ed, "because we've only sent six applicants there this morning. But it's a long way and they're walking." So if Teenie grabbed a car she would get there *first* and cinch the job.

Teenie didn't mind a run for her money, so she made a bee-line for the car. But when she caught it, she found she had no more car-tickets. Lucky it wasn't a pay-as-you-enter, because Teenie had no money either. But she found a transfer in her pocket that she hadn't used last week. She had a bright idea. That was to sit tight till she was about a couple of blocks from the address. Then push through with the crowd, and slip the conductor your transfer.

She nearly made it—but the conductor held her up.

"You're a week late with this here transfer—you should have used it last Wednesday."

Teenie said—"My goodness, is it that late?"

The conductor looked hard at Teenie as though she was trying to cheat him. "You'll have to get off the car," he said nastily.

Teenie was indignant. "All right," she said, "I'll get off your car!" which was pretty foxy, for she only had to run three blocks.

Out of Transfers

When Teenie handed in her permit, the employment woman looked kind of bored and said, "I guess they're not very bright at the Central office—because I took a girl from there three days ago. Here's your permit back."

Well, that just knocked the breath that Teenie was gasping to get, right out of her again. She had to walk all the way back to the employment agency, because she couldn't find another transfer.

Teenie was too smart this time to go and sit on the last row of chairs. She edged to the top chair, and when the occupant in it, got up and ran, Teenie popped down on it. The girl next was pretty mad, but Teenie said she had been there before and was called to the phone. She had heard you could put over anything if you called it "politics." So she called it politics, and believe it or not, it worked. She landed right at the desk of the Head woman.

It was easy to see why this woman had the top job. She put her finger right on the trouble at once.

"Why, you're a Special Case," she told Teenie. She wrote out a permit and handed it to her.

"Where will I take it to?" Teenie asked.

"Anywhere," the woman said, "It's a special permit. It will land you any job you want."

Teenie was so bucked up, she decided to go and get the job of night club hostess after all.

Here We Go Again

But when she started out with the permit, she found that all the night club managers stayed in bed till noon, or else they were in their bath. Teenie tried a lot of other places—but no dice. At last a man put her wise.

"You look like a nice, bright girl," he said, "so why go around hunting a needle in a haystack. If you read your newspapers, you'll see that *all* the jobs are listed at the Central Employment Office. So you better hoof it right back to where the jobs are."

Hoof it, was right.

When Teenie handed back the permit, it was another interviewer.

"My goodness," she said, "this is a Special Permit. I wouldn't deprive you of this for the world. It will land you a job *anywhere.*"

"How can it," said Teenie with frost in her voice, "when the jobs are all here?"

"Yes—for the rank and file. But don't you see, you're a Special Case. You got this permit from the Head Woman. She doesn't give these kind except on rare occasions. This is as good as a diploma. You hang on to it!"

"But what will I do with it?"

"What do they usually do with diplomas? Frame them, I imagine."

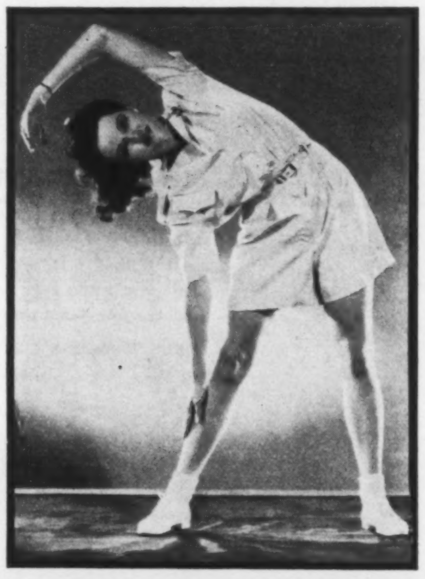
Teenie took the diploma and showed it to her landlady. When she told her she was going to frame it, the landlady said Teenie had been *framed.*

Teenie got a job as nursemaid at the house next door. Now she is sitting pretty, with a baby on each knee, for the duration.

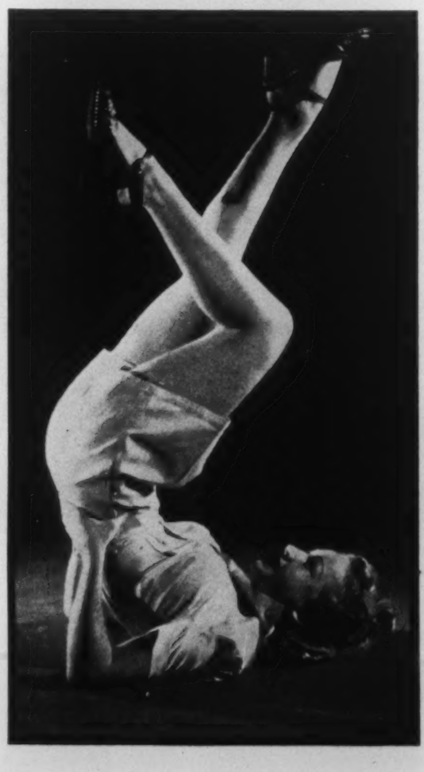
THE DRESSING TABLE

Problems in Subtraction

BY ISABEL MORGAN



Not only does this exercise slim the waist, it subtracts inches from the sides above the waistline as well. The secret of obtaining satisfactory results from these and other slimming exercises is consistency.



The "bicycle" exercise—without the bicycle! It's a pedalling movement that helps to slim down the hips.

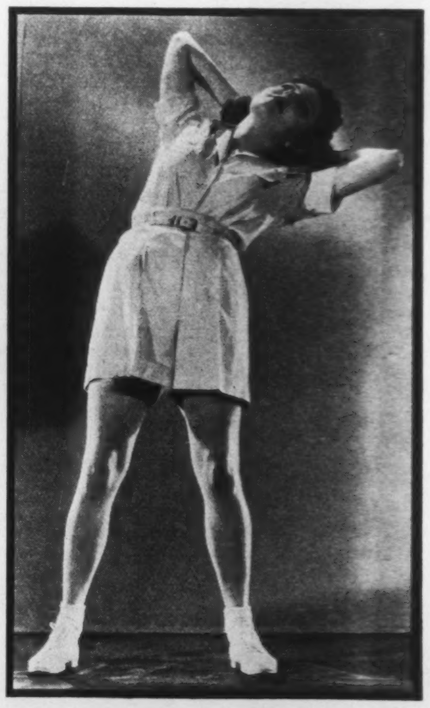
HOW are you at figures? Can you do addition and subtraction, come out with the right figure? No? Then you'd better practice on these easy exercises in the subtraction of pounds and inches (particularly at hip and waist)—exercises anyone can work out to a perfect figure. Don't mutter that you have everything under control, don't like exercises anyway. Rubber doesn't live here any more, which means that from now on you'll have to figure things out in your own way.

(1) Stand erect, feet apart, arms at sides, shoulder height. At count of one, bend from waist straight to right side (if you bend forward at all, you're cheating), stretching right arm down right leg as far as possible, curving left arm over head. Keep heels on floor, knees straight, face forward. At count of two, return to original position. Reverse and repeat. Subtracts inches from sides above waistline, slims waist itself.

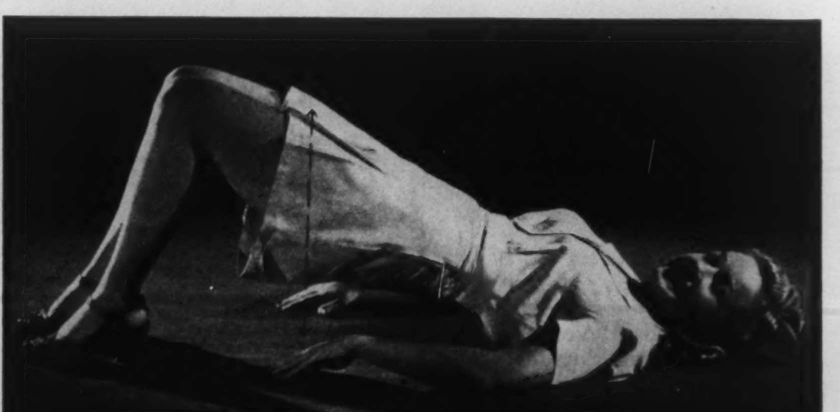
(2) Stand erect, feet slightly apart, fingers linked behind head, elbows thrust back. At count of one, bend forward from the waist, chin up, eyes up. At count of two, rotate body at waistline to left as far as possible. At count of three, back as far as possible. At count of four, to right as far as possible. Make this a continuous motion. Repeat. This one relieves you of the one type spare tire you can't use.

(3) To "balance" a day on your feet, stand on your head! Or at least approximate that position. You need a little exercise after a day in one position, and your feet need a rest. So lie flat on your back, swing your feet up and over your head, balancing yourself by placing your hands under your hips. Now move feet and legs round and round as though pedalling a bicycle, driving it first forward then back. Return feet to floor. Relax a moment and repeat.

(4) To counteract fatigue and tension, lie flat on your back on the floor, knees raised, arms extended at sides. Using feet and arms as "pushers," raise hips and waist — even shoulders — from floor, then return to original position. Relax. Repeat.



Here is an exercise that relieves you of the one type of unrationed spare tire that nobody wants nowadays.



This counteracts fatigue and tension—removes inches over diaphragm.

THE OTHER PAGE

The Village and the War Plant

BY MARGARET CUBBON

SINCE "the plant" came here to dominate our village, life has changed. Tourists used to drive through our sleepy main street with a "Nice little place, wasn't it?" air. Now their more leisurely pace gives them the chance to note our village stores pepped up and thronged with customers, our new Post Office with its simulated brick siding, and especially our scores of young men and young women strolling up and down "between shifts" or standing at the corners or in front of the stores.

Our beauty parlor and barber shop have a waiting list, in spite of the fact that there are much more modern establishments in the village just a few miles away that really belongs to "the plant," and boasts more thousands than our village does hundreds. But our local establishments of all sorts are reaping a harvest, and the most staggering rumors are current about the income of the proprietors and the prices they have been offered if they would sell out.

Formerly no villager in his or her senses dreamed of going elsewhere than to his or her own or a friend's home for a meal; it is a common sight now to see a shopkeeper and his helper wife run into one of the "lunches" for a midday snack rather than bother to get it for themselves. The village hotel, once a stage-coach stop for refreshment for man and beast, is now filled with boarders; strange faces take in the changing scene from the row of chairs on the long old-fashioned platform across the front.

THERE is still no recreation for old or young nearer than six miles, and even then choice is limited to the beverage room and the movie. "The plant" has a fine community hall seating several hundred, and games and movies and opportunity for social intercourse, but most of those who work there like to get away when "off shift" from the octopus that has had them in its grip for eight hours. We locals have got along for years with mild diversions of games at the church, the horticultural society and the like, and have regretted the absence of other recreation not so much for ourselves as for the younger people, who obviously found these village diversions boring in the extreme. Now seems a good opportunity for providing something, but we see no traces of it. Maybe it will take a new generation to do it.

Our "Road," a short distance from the village, is changed too. It is made up of retired and semi-retired middle class people, with a sprinkling of a few who came out during the depression with the idea that a few acres of land would be the solution of their economic problems. Some have made good, with their half-village half-city connection which gave them work, and a market for what they grew. Others went pretty low in the depression, and a few had to accept Township relief. They are coming up now with a vengeance, each family having at least one member at "the plant" and sometimes as many as three. Houses innocent of paint for years are blossoming out, not only with paint, but with swish awnings, garden furniture, and even inside plumbing. We ponder on the future of the owners, and think how good a thing it is that the government takes some of their pay for refunding later.

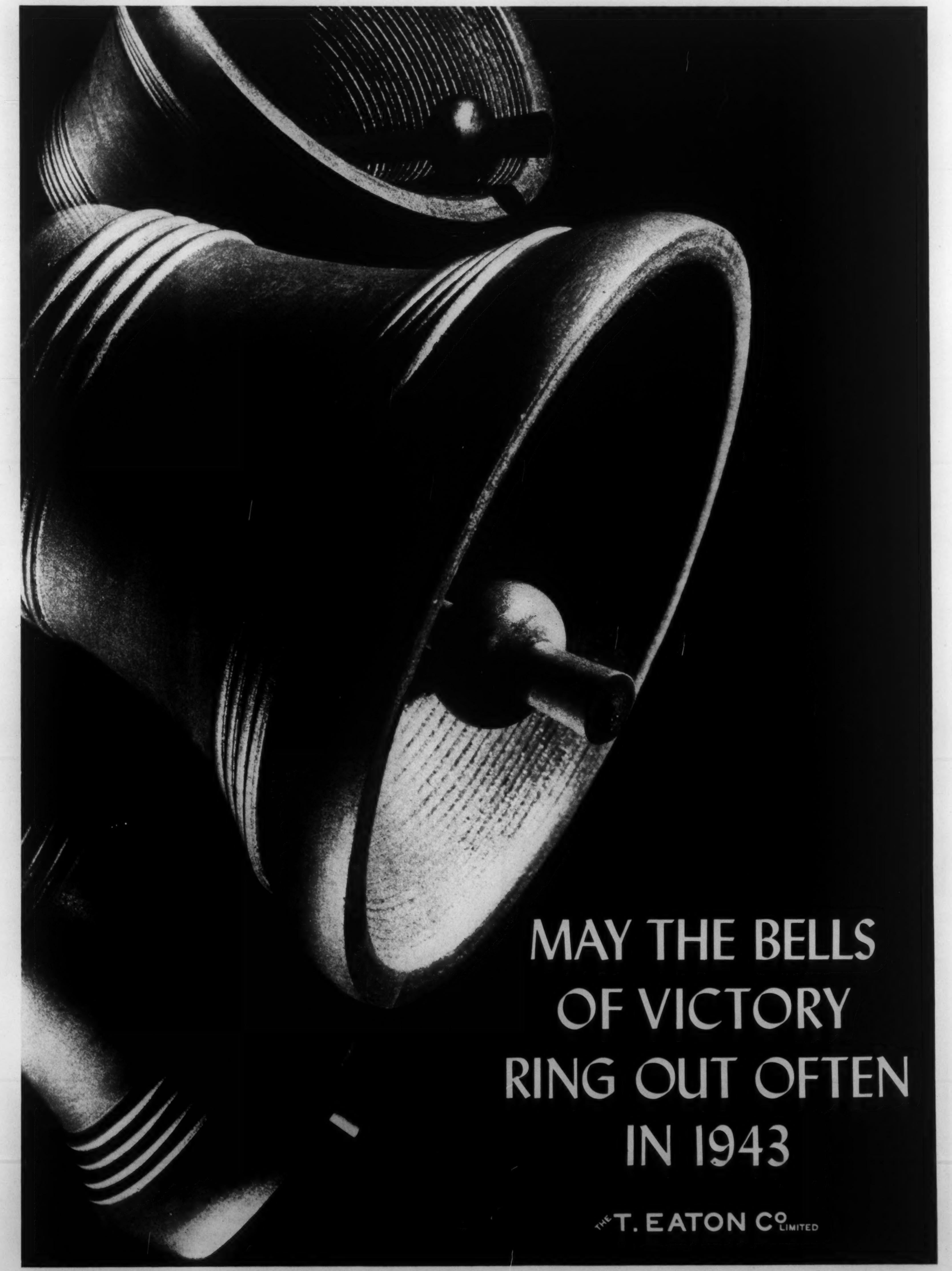
* * *

CASUAL labor for house or garden is impossible to get. Skilled labor is the same. We have to help one-another with leaky taps and broken lawn mowers. The masculine half of the family has had to give the odd half day to the farmer neighbor to help with the crop. The farmer neighbors have long ago thrown up their hands; they live a day at a time. If there is no one to help with the harvest, it stays in the field. They cannot cope with the wages at "the plant," their sons are being called up for service, and many of them leave to the women folk the chores that can thus be done and themselves take a job at "the plant" where they are sure of cash money in the hand.

Our sleeping hours are punctuated by the swish of motors up and down the country road, taking workers to and from work; they come to a grinding stop on the gravel to pick up or drop a neighbor working on the same shift. When we first came here to live, a car after midnight broke the stillness with a shock, and a car stopping was something to get up and investigate.

Our local J.P. says he doesn't know what the village is coming to; he has people before him for all sorts of minor crimes previously associated with the city—petty thefts, minor assaults, drunks, things formerly unheard-of in this semi-Quaker community. The village tried hard to keep aloof from this unseemly thing that has been forced upon it at a few miles distance, and many of the villagers still manage to ignore it. But most of us try to make the best of it, to help where possible, and to take "the plant" in our stride, trying to understand the viewpoint of the newcomers who are scouring the countryside for a decent house, or for rooms, or a place to board their children while they heed the country's call for munitions. The Women's Institute still discusses the best way to dispose of garbage, or the study of birds, and is only galvanized to wartime action when some member protests about the number of parents who have been sent to her to see if she could take care of their children while they work. "The problem is on our doorstep, and while we don't like it we cannot sidestep it," says a "modern," and a committee is appointed. We go home, thanking fortune for our tiny place just far enough off the beaten track to afford the bit of heaven we looked forward to so long.

After all, we think, if there is any security, surely it lies in owning an acre or two and a tiny house, in the country—even if there is a "war plant" a few miles away.



FINANCE
INSURANCE

THE BUSINESS FRONT

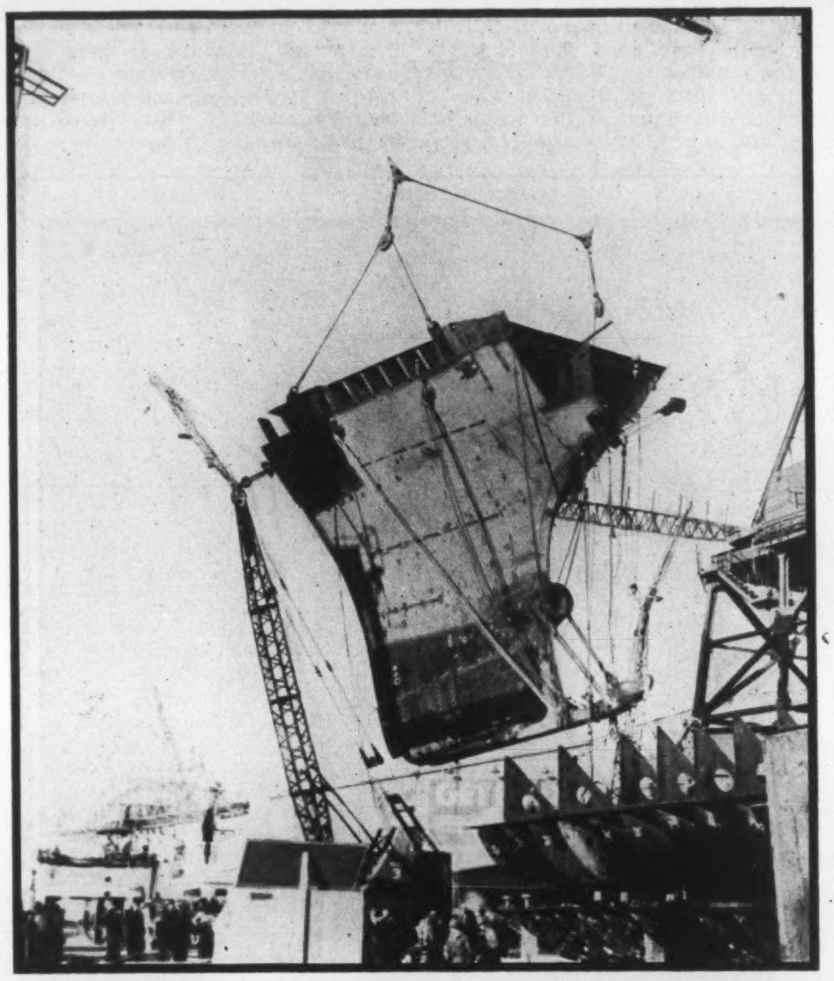
THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor

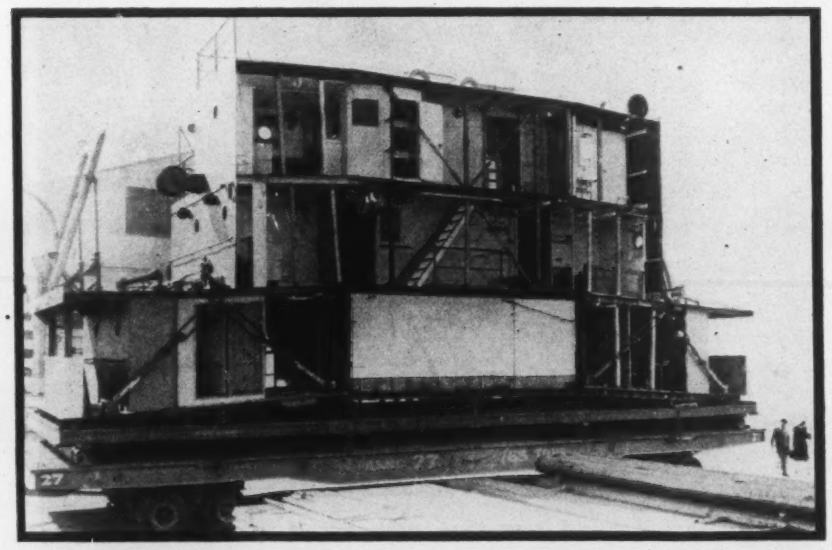
SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 2, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

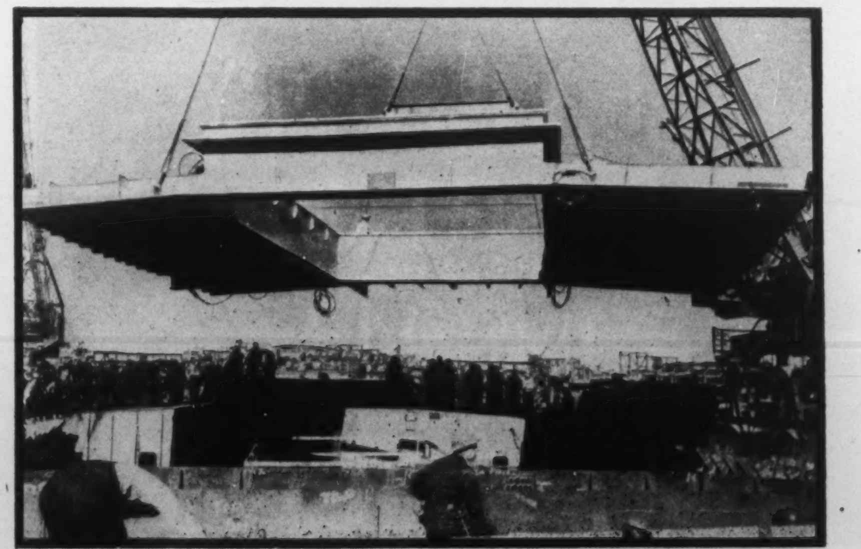
Individualism, Collectivism—How Much of Each?



The aim of the United Nations to build cargo vessels faster than Axis subs could sink them was in a fair way to being realized as 1942 drew to a close. Especially was this so in the U.S. where pre-fabrication methods have so speeded production that, according to a U.S. Maritime Commission report, the goal of building 8,000,000 tons of cargo ships was achieved. Some idea of how the famous "Liberty" ships are assembled may be had from these pictures taken at a California ship-yard. Above, after-peak assembly of a 10,500-tonner is hoisted into place.



Here the completely pre-fabricated 3rd deck house section of the same ship is moved into position. Below, a deck section is fitted to hull.



BY P. C. ARMSTRONG

Capitalism and Socialism are not two irreconcilable opposites, says Mr. Armstrong. Rather they are two things which cannot get along without one-another. The sole question is as to how much there is to be of each.

But Capitalism is individualistic and Socialism is collectivistic; and too much collectivism means the disappearance of individual liberty.

It also means a great demand upon the wisdom of those who operate the collectivist state, since their errors cannot be corrected as readily as those which are made in an individualist society.

EDWARD GIBBON devoted one of his most thunderous passages to a description of the folly of early Christians in killing each other, by tens of thousands, in a dispute over the presence or absence of one small letter in a single word of the Creed. Some future historian may indulge himself in a similar burst of rhetoric over the dispute which has raged, in our own day, over the rival merits of systems of economic organization which their exponents—and even more often their enemies—choose to label Capitalism and Socialism.

No capitalist society could flourish which was not basically socialist. No socialist society could progress which did not employ capitalism as the foundation of its economic plan.

The orderly state in which alone men can accumulate wealth cannot be produced unless many of the most important phases of economic activity are undertaken collectively.

No society of more than a peasant level can exist, unless the safety of life and property are guaranteed by collective effort; unless communication facilities, such services as the distribution of electric power, such conveniences as water supply and sewers, are supplied either by direct action of the state or of some minor public authority, or by individuals, or private societies created by state authority; unless taxes are levied, and various other duties of the individual to the community are defined and enforced, and unless some authority provides a method of deciding disputes between individuals, and associations of individuals.

The wholly collectivized state which is the extreme case of the many "socialist" plans is just as dependent on the accumulation of capital as the most individualist community can be. Capital is merely the accumulation of that part of wealth which some person, or some group, has decided should be withheld from current consumption—in the belief that, if it be devoted to improving the tools and equipment for the increased production of wealth, the total income of the individual or the group will be sufficiently increased to justify the postponement of consumption involved in the decision.

Clearly, no socialist state can progress if it be not as keenly interested in providing itself with capital as any individualist community could be. Indeed, in view of the constant assertions of the advocates of the political programs generally known as Socialism, it must be evident that the very basis of their plan of providing

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THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Oil, the New Basic Chemical

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IT MAY not be news to you, reader, that nearly four million barrels of petroleum are produced daily in the United States. But perhaps you don't know that this single day's production is sufficient to provide the basic raw material for an entire year's normal needs of synthetic rubber, and that in this lies the significance of an important transition taking place within the oil industry. It is its transition to a mass producer of chemicals.

Of course, the petroleum industry had for years been "in the chemical business." But this column is indebted to a recent article in *Barron's* for highlighting the fact that the war has spurred the industry to greater effort along new chemical lines. This is particularly true of the refining branch of the industry, whose technological progress in recent years has been little short of amazing. As a result of its applied research, we appear to be on the threshold of a whole new group of organic chemicals.

The reason for this is that oil is the starting point of a wide range of chemical products, just as is coal. But whereas there appears to be a practical limit to the number of organic chemicals which can be derived from coal, most of petroleum's possibilities apparently still lie before it. Moreover, like coal, petroleum is abundant, widely distributed, low in cost and easily transported.

Synthetic rubber, super fuels, motor coolants and anti-freeze compounds are only a few of the "chemical products already being produced from petroleum. Ammonia, acetylene, and toluol—the basic materials for high explosives—and synthetic alcohol represent another important group of strategic compounds derived from petroleum, which are exceedingly important in the war emergency.

The Best-Known Example

The best-known example of technological progress in oil refining is aviation gasoline, the superiority of which is evidenced by the fact that the use of 100 octane instead of 87 octane fuel increases the power of an airplane engine so much that it can save 1,200 pounds on a 1,400 mile flight. Put another way, it means that a plane can carry 1,200 more pounds of bombs that distance with no loss of efficiency. Another important contribution to aviation is ethylene glycol, a coolant and anti-freeze mixture, made abundantly and at comparatively low cost by petroleum refining processes. Without this chemical, the present efficient liquid-cooled airplane engine could not operate. Neither would it be possible to operate tanks in desert heat or arctic cold.

Refining is, in essence a chemical process using petroleum as a raw material. In the early days of the industry, the end products, kerosene and then gasoline, were obtained by tapping the vapors at various temperatures during the process of distillation. Cracking, or thermal decomposition, resulted in a much greater conversion of the crude oil into gasoline. Since 1913, when the first cracking unit was put into operation by Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, the resulting saving in crude oil is estimated to be some 14 billion barrels. Match that potential loss against the approximately 1.3 billion barrels of crude oil which were refined in the United States in 1941. Without the cracking techniques now developed, more than twice as much crude would have been required to produce the oil products refined last year. As a result of those cracking processes, the quality of these refined products was incomparably better than could otherwise have resulted.

This advancement of refining techniques over the years has, in reality, been an evolutionary development of new chemical processes.

A Complex Chemical Compound

Oil is a complex chemical compound, composed of hydrogen and carbon fractions. Treated in a variety of different ways, it produces a host of derivative compounds highly important in the present-day economy. If the element hydrogen, for example, is added to or subtracted from oil, a whole new series of valuable products results. It is in this way that butadiene, the raw material for buna synthetic rubber, is made. If the chemical structure of oil is rearranged, still another new group of products is a result. The famous Houdry catalytic cracking process, which results in a high octane gasoline, uses this technique.

It was by this latter method of rearranging and tying together the chemical elements making up oil, that Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey developed commercially a method of producing one of the most strategic materials of the present war. That substance is toluene, a basic ingredient of high explosives. It is probably safe to say that the United Nations might have been in a difficult if not precarious position had not the U.S. oil industry developed a method of successfully synthesizing toluene from petroleum. Heretofore, it was a by-product resulting from coal tar distillation and its quantities were necessarily limited. A single oil company plant today produces more toluene than did the entire coke industry in peacetime. During the last war toluene sold for $3 a gallon. It has recently been quoted at 28 cents a gallon.

Synthetic rubber, synthetic alcohol, synthetic glycerine are only a few of the important war materials, not sufficiently available in their natural state, which are now being developed by using petroleum as a source of raw materials for the chemical and many other industries. New derivatives are constantly being found. This is a situation which means much to investors, as well as to the war effort and the following peace.

more abundant wealth for great numbers of those now poor must be an intention to accumulate wealth in the form of capital on a larger scale than now is being done.

Nor can the capitalist state be distinguished from the socialist community by the presence or absence of the profit motive. There may be a distinction concerning the definition of profit, or concerning its distribution. Profit—i.e., the excess of production over consumption—must be the object of any society which wishes to improve its wealth—whether that wealth be defined as material goods, or in any other form.

Nor can complete equality between the rights and privileges of all men be a safe distinction. True, a state with its policies markedly affected by a desire to obtain equality of income will certainly show more of this quality, if its policies be at all well designed and implemented, than a state which totally neglects this question. It is not intended, at this time, to discuss the problem of whether an attempt to obtain equality of income will increase or decrease the total income of the community, as compared with the plan of leaving each man as free as possible to increase his income.

Inequality of Power

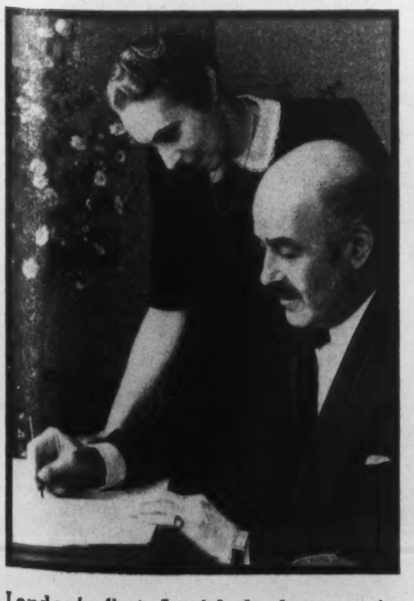
On the other hand, the state will, as it becomes more socialized, unquestionably take more and more power over the conduct of the individual, and it seems certain that pressure toward greater equality of wealth is bound to be accompanied by a tendency toward greater inequality of power. It is simply not true that the most powerful owner of private capital who has ever lived in a modern state has ever had such absolute power, compared with that of the lesser individual, as a Russian Commissar, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, or the Selective Service authorities at Ottawa.

No monopoly, however well organized to keep prices up, was ever able to impose a penalty of five thousand dollars fine, or two years imprisonment, on any dealer or consumer who attempted to sell or buy below the established price. No employer, however great the misery he might impose by a lock-out, could, as a result of his control of capital, ever force men and women to enter his service, or leave it, by threat of imprisonment.

Nor is a distinction to be found in any increase of the productivity of either capital or labor, as a necessary result of direction by state officials in place of private employers. Many cases can be quoted of publicly conducted enterprises which seem far less competently conducted than similar private undertakings. Some cases of the opposite type can be recorded.

There is not the least evidence of any inevitable distinction in the skill of executives, or the genius of technicians, depending on their employment being furnished by a public authority or a private employer.

The fact is that the economist is totally unable to find any genuine dichotomy between institutions which can properly be called Capitalist or Socialist. No completely socialized community has ever functioned—except slave states. Even the Soviet Government permits the private ownership of small tools, a cow or a pig, and allows many forms of enterprise to be carried on by individual entrepreneurs. No community above a peasant level has ever functioned without much of its economic life being socialized.



London's first Jewish lord mayor in 40 years is Sir Samuel Joseph who was recently installed in office for 1943. With him is Lady Joseph. London's previous Jewish lord mayor, Lord Bearsted, held office in 1902.

The argument between advocates of Capitalism and Socialism must revolve wholly around how far economic life is to be socialized.

But One Test

To the economist there can be but one test: How will any given degree of socialization encourage or impede the production of wealth? He is bound, of necessity, to admit that no divine revelation has been given him, defining wealth. The Germans—speaking through rulers of wholly uncertain right to speak for the ruled—once wished guns, while we in Canada preferred butter. At this moment, we are ardently trying to trade butter for guns—while it seems quite probable that most Germans are tired of guns, and would much prefer butter. The wealth, and its distribution, which a society desires is a matter to be defined by that society—and it remains for the politician to arrange how the society is to make and express its decision.

What the economist can do is to take any political framework which is suggested to him, and indicate how it will function in the matter of the production of the type and distribution of wealth which that society, by autocratic ukase, or democratic vote, announces that it wishes to obtain in maximum quantity. (Note that the "wealth" sought does not necessarily take the form of material goods. Security for old age, military power, ample leisure—any of these, or many other privileges for the citizen, or advantages for the community, may be the desired wealth.)

Obviously, certain forms of "wealth" can only be obtained, in maximum amount, by direct state control of the national economy. We have learned this lesson, very effectively, since September, 1939. Except in a state governed by a general acceptance of high ethical principles, it may be assumed that security for old age, full education of the young, adequate leisure and recreational facilities, complete provision for the care and cure of health will—or, can—be obtained in maximum amount more efficiently as a result of complete socialization of the state, under competent direction, than as a result of competitive individual enterprise.

Fewer Goods

On the other hand, the same thing cannot be said concerning the wealth which takes the form of material goods for consumption. It is possible to conceive of a socialized state producing these in greater quantity than one not socialized to any great degree, but the probabilities are against this. The reason is that, exactly to the extent that socialization progresses, the freedom of the individual citizen to choose the goods which he desires will lessen. He will have to accustom himself to having some small group of public officers tell him what sort of house he can inhabit, what clothes he must wear, what food he may eat. So far as history provides us with records of experiments, they indicate that this checks and even inhibits the urge of the average citizen to find new, or better, types of goods for consumption. Equally, such control will, as far as experience is available as a guide, lessen or inhibit the activity of the average citizen in seeking methods by which he can sell his own labor or skill, at an increasing price, by seeking new methods of satisfying the existing wants of others, or creating new wants.

Given omniscient wisdom on the part of the directors of a socialist state, production could be arranged to suit perfectly the desires of the population—within the limits of the productive power of the community. But, short of omniscience, both experience and reasonable expectation would lead us to conclude that, by substituting the wisdom of a small group of officials for the free play of the ambitions and desires of the whole population, we should reduce the power of the community to ascertain what the population desires, and therefore reduce the volume of production.

Individualistic societies progress by trial and error in the great and complex task of providing their citizens with the goods which they desire. This procedure is not available to a socialized society, unless it be a state of purely authoritarian type. An enterprise which fails will, if it be a private venture, cease to operate, or only continue if the original entrepreneur accepts a total or partial loss of his investment. If it be a state enterprise, everyone who benefits from it, by employment or otherwise, will exercise every form of political pressure to ensure its continuance in full operation. If fifty per cent of the voters of Canada—or much fewer, if we remember the power of minority groups in political matters—were employed, at good wages, in totally unproductive enterprises conducted by the state, the whole production of all the wealth for the whole nation would have to be carried on, forever, by the remaining citizens.

State's Errors Live

A first class example of this truth of the inability of a socialist, but still democratic, community to rid itself of past errors is to be found in connection with various publicly-owned enterprises which have proved unprofitable. While privately-owned enterprises of the same type have had to write down their capital, or even suspend operations, as a result of being undertaken in error, or of economic changes which have removed their value, it is rare to hear of any publicly-owned enterprise which has been abandoned, while the investors in the government, or government-guaranteed, securities issued to finance them are absolutely protected against loss of their investment—by the power of the state to impose taxation on its citizens.

The advocates of the most complete type of socialization—which may not include the use of a monetary system—cannot evade this truth. As long as the power to direct the use of the national productive power lies in the hands of a government, individual errors of judgment will not be paid for by those who commit them, but by the whole community.

The real distinction between collectivism and individual freedom of enterprise lies in the effect on the liberty of the people. The most perfectly collectivized states are those in which all except the ruling class are slaves. Slaves are never unemployed, and have perfect social security—as the slave-owner may choose to interpret this. They lack only liberty. Their labor can be directed with maximum efficiency, and stimulated to the limit. Trade exhibits the highest economy of effort. Profit is always sought for the community—never for the individual. Housing is provided for all, free medical treatment is universal. Such education as the ruler feels is desirable to improve the skill of his workers is given to all promising youths. The ruler considers the diet of his people—wishing to be sure that they are not so undernourished as to impair their productivity. Even adventures in eugenic mating are undertaken.

All that lacks is liberty.

Away From Liberty

Every single step in the socialization of a community is a step away from liberty. The solitary question which confronts us is that of how much liberty we wish to exchange for a given amount of security.

Nothing in the theory of economics justifies the dogma that wealth is more, or less, easily produced in a collective or an individualist society. The experience of history—which records unfailingly that individual liberty and the wealth of the community—in the material sense—seem to be inextricably linked, may be but a series of coincidences. All that we know positively is that the growth of collectivism has always been accompanied by the decline of liberty—and that this is no accident, but an inevitable result.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

General Statement, 30th November, 1942

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid up		$ 35,000,000.00
Reserve fund	$ 20,000,000.00	
Balance of profits carried forward as per Profit and Loss Account	3,259,198.23	
	$ 23,259,198.23	
Dividends unclaimed	58,863.59	
Dividend No. 221 (at 6% per annum), payable 1st December, 1942	525,000.00	23,843,061.82
		$ 58,843,061.82
Deposits by and balances due to Dominion Government	$144,192,823.59	
Deposits by and balances due to Provincial Governments	17,392,485.40	
Deposits by the public not bearing interest	576,594,382.44	
Deposits by the public bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	425,973,022.55	
Deposits by and balances due to other chartered banks in Canada	16,944.55	
Deposits by and balances due to banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	17,047,534.01	
		1,181,217,192.54
Notes of the bank in circulation		18,271,281.53
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding		31,156,431.68
Liabilities to the public not included under the foregoing heads		2,127,979.28
		$1,291,615,946.85

ASSETS

Gold held in Canada	$ 706.86	
Subsidiary coin held in Canada	1,655,444.93	
Gold held elsewhere	31,771.73	
Subsidiary coin held elsewhere	1,705,785.63	
Notes of Bank of Canada	30,157,050.75	
Deposits with Bank of Canada	71,527,152.34	
Notes of other chartered banks	514,953.70	
Government and bank notes other than Canadian	31,661,337.17	
		$ 137,254,203.11
Cheques on other banks	$ 58,908,754.34	
Deposits with and balances due by other chartered banks in Canada	2,123.87	
Due by banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	65,719,393.96	
		124,630,272.17
Dominion and Provincial Government direct and guaranteed securities maturing within two years, not exceeding market value		319,318,682.00
Other Dominion and Provincial Government direct and guaranteed securities, not exceeding market value		200,482,663.08
Canadian municipal securities, not exceeding market value		8,950,639.06
Public securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value		52,872,120.67
Other bonds, debentures and stocks, not exceeding market value		33,140,596.97
Call and short (not exceeding 30 days) loans in Canada on bonds, debentures, stocks and other securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		6,267,499.68
Call and short (not exceeding 30 days) loans elsewhere than in Canada on bonds, debentures, stocks and other securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		23,523,562.79
		$ 906,440,239.53
Current loans and discounts in Canada, not otherwise included, estimated loss provided for	$255,148,401.76	
Loans to Provincial Governments	1,770,548.28	
Loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts	15,961,150.64	
Current loans and discounts elsewhere than in Canada, not otherwise included, estimated loss provided for	59,276,982.71	
Non-current loans, estimated loss provided for	1,187,236.83	
		333,344,320.22
Bank premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off		13,640,588.51
Real estate other than bank premises		1,260,492.03
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank		832,006.19
Liabilities of customers under acceptances and letters of credit as per contra		31,156,431.68
Shares of and loans to controlled companies		3,169,842.94
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the security of note circulation		1,110,000.00
Other assets not included under the foregoing heads (but including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes)		662,025.75
		$1,291,615,946.85

M. W. WILSON,
President and Managing Director.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above Statement of Liabilities and Assets as at 30th November, 1942, with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have checked the cash and the securities representing the Bank's investments held at the Head Office at the close of the fiscal year, and at various dates during the year have also checked the cash and investment securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1942, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. BALLANTYNE, C.A.,
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.
M. OGDEN HASKELL, C.A.,
of Haskell, Elderkin & Co.
Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, December 24, 1942.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 29th November, 1941	$ 3,209,074.84	
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1942, after providing for Dominion Government taxes amounting to $2,014,166.80 (of which $34,751.73 is refundable under the provisions of the Excess Profits Tax Act) and after making appropriations to Contingency Reserves, out of which Reserves provision for all bad and doubtful debts has been made	3,390,123.39	
		$ 6,599,198.23
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividend No. 218 at 8% per annum	$ 700,000.00	
Dividend No. 219 at 8% per annum	700,000.00	
Dividend No. 220 at 8% per annum	700,000.00	
Dividend No. 221 at 6% per annum	525,000.00	
	$ 2,625,000.00	
Contribution to the Pension Fund Society	315,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises	400,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	3,259,198.23	
		$ 6,599,198.23

M. W. WILSON,
President and Managing Director.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, December 24, 1942.

GOVERNMENT
AND
CORPORATION
SECURITIES

A. E. AMES & CO.
LIMITED
Business Established 1889
TORONTO
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Victoria
New York London, Eng.

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MUTUAL SERVICE WITH SECURITY
THE SHIELD OF PROTECTION
107

STAUNCH as our fighting men in their resolve to carry through . . . The Portage Mutual, during 58 years of service, has weathered major disaster, economic upheaval and war. These have strengthened the Company by re-kindling its vigorous, pioneer spirit. Today it stands firm and confident, a strong bulwark in Canada's war economy.

FIRE and WINDSTORM

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MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

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ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1727.
249 Branches throughout Scotland. HEAD OFFICE—EDINBURGH.
London: City Offices— 3, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2.
8, WEST SMITHFIELD, E.C.1.
London: West End— 49, CHARING CROSS, S.W.1.
64, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.
BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1.
TOTAL ASSETS £85,891,644
Associated Bank—Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd. (Members of the London Bankers' Clearing House)

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash
TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

UNION GAS COMPANY ANNOUNCES IMPORTANT NEW APPOINTMENTS

DAVID P. ROGERS

LT.-COL. THOMAS WEIR, M.C., E.D.

Mr. Rogers becomes president and Col. Weir general manager of Union Gas Company of Canada, Limited, following the resignation, on account of ill health, of S. A. Morse, who has been president and general manager. Mr. Rogers has been a director for some years, and recently vice-president. Col. Weir, comptroller, secretary and treasurer, has been on leave of absence for three years, and now has been released from military duties as an assistant adjutant general, at Ottawa, to assume the new appointment, because of the importance of the gas industry in the war effort. Mr. Morse remains as a director and chairman of the board.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CON. WEST DOME LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have just come across a certificate for Consolidated West Dome Lake shares, which had been forgotten. Has it any value or has it passed out of existence?

—W. G. M., Simcoe, Ont.

Yes, your Consolidated West Dome Lake shares have some value, but the company is not known by that name today. The company was reorganized into West Dome Lake Gold Mines on the basis of one new for two old shares, and later merged with United Mineral Lands to form Paymaster Consolidated Mines, and the exchange here was one new for ten old.

In other words, you are entitled to one Paymaster share for each 20 Consolidated West Dome shares you hold, and also to the five cents a share which Paymaster has to date distributed in dividends. Another distribution of one cent a share is to be made the middle of next January.

The transfer agents are the Trusts & Guarantee Co. Limited, 302 Bay Street, Toronto, and it is possible you will receive the dividends to which you are entitled at the time of making the share exchange.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me if the additional 50-cent dividend declared by Famous Players Canadian Corporation Ltd. is "regular"—that is, am I right in supposing that the stock is only a $1.50 annual dividend basis now? How does this compare with payments in past years, and with current earnings? Do you consider the company's position a satisfactory one?

—G. L. C., Toronto, Ont.

I feel sure that the 50 cent dividend paid by Famous Players Canadian Corporation Ltd. on December 31 should not be regarded as placing the stock on a regular $1.50 annual dividend basis, and that payments in 1943, as in past years, will depend upon earnings and prospects. The record shows that dividends were paid at a $2 annual rate from the initial payment on the present capitalization in December 1929 up to and including June 1932. Then there were none to 1935 when 50 cents was paid, followed by 60 cents in 1936 and 1937, 80 cents in 1938 and $1 in 1939, 1940 and 1941, with $1.50 in 1942.

In recent years the company has been able to offset steadily expanding taxation through substantially higher revenues in reflection of increased consumer spending power, and for the year 1941 the company earned $2.61 per share on the capital stock as compared with $2.35 per share for 1940 and $2.13 per share for 1939, providing ample coverage of the dividends paid in those years. The company is the largest operator of motion picture theatres in Canada and, through shareholdings in subsidiary and affiliated companies and operating agreements, is interested in a large number of other theatres throughout the Dominion. The company has valuable franchises and arrangements with leading moving picture producers through which the run of the best films is obtained. Floating supply of the stock is small, since approximately 90% is held by Paramount Pictures, Inc., New York.

STRAW LAKE BEACH

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly give me a report on the activities of Straw Lake Beach, in which I have been interested for some time, and also advise me if the shares have any value?

—G. L. B., Dauphin, Man.

Straw Lake Beach Mines has been inactive for over a year. Mining and milling operations were suspended in the fall of 1941 due to the lack of sufficient power to keep the mill at capacity and at the same time carry on normal mining activities. It was found that operating costs were too high to allow profits at a milling rate of 40 tons a day.

When operations were stopped, it was announced that negotiations were proceeding with a view to raising the necessary funds to increase the capacity of the power plant, but with present government restrictions on gold mining it is extremely unlikely that there will be a resumption of operations until after the war.

Officials of the company are of the opinion that with finances and power to carry work to greater depth the property has a good chance of being a profit maker. As to the present value of the stock I understand shares are being offered at one cent and you may get a bid of around ¾ cent a share.

DORVAL-SISCOE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you please, through your helpful Gold & Dross pages, give me some information regarding Dorval-Siscoe Mines, in which I hold a few shares.

—H. W. D., Sorel, Que.

The properties of Dorval-Siscoe Gold Mines were taken over in 1941 by Camp Bird Mines Ltd., capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, with the exchange basis one new for five old shares. The transfer can be effected through the Chartered Trust & Executor Company, Toronto. Shares of the new company were listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange in August, 1941, and the high and low price has been 9 and 8 cents, but I have not noticed any recent activity in the stock.

It was reported last June that operations were to be discontinued for the duration of the war, and plant and equipment sold. Extensive drilling gave indifferent results, no commercial ore being indicated, although some values were disclosed. At the annual meeting in October it was stated diamond drilling was to be resumed this winter and if good results were obtained the company will be in a position to undertake development once restrictions are removed at the end of the war.

In development prior to April, 1939, a three-compartment shaft was sunk 350 feet and several thousand feet of lateral work carried out with drifting on several veins. In addition, other veins had been indicated by drilling, but were not reached when work was discontinued.

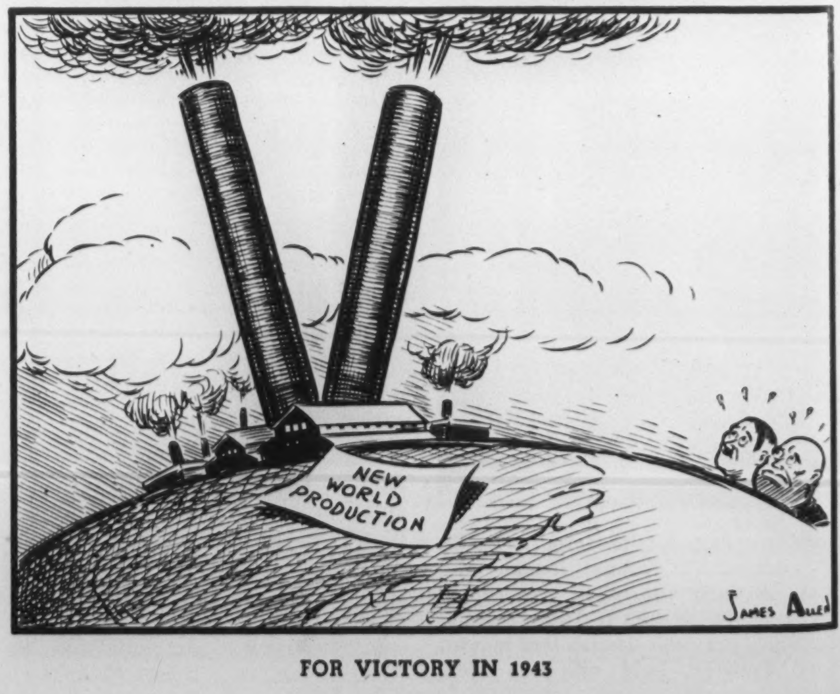
MOORE CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your opinion as to whether Moore Corporation Limited is likely to be able to show reasonably good earnings for 1942. Your guess as to the earnings figure would be valued by me.

—N. J. H., Calgary, Alta.

I certainly can't guess the per-share earnings figure that Moore Corporation Limited will report for 1942, but that the results of operations in the past year will be satisfactory is indicated by the final dividend declaration on the common stock. This amounted to 55½ cents regular and 66½ cents extra for the fourth quarter, payable on January 2. The bonus brings the total dis-



FOR VICTORY IN 1943

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CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $66,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 224

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th January 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 1st February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

S. M. WEDD,
General Manager

Toronto, 28th December 1942

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1943.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of January, 1943.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share; payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
December 21, 1942.

bursements on 1942 account to $2.88½. This is exactly the same as was paid on the stock on account of 1941 earnings, that is three regular dividends for the first three quarters of 55½ cents each and with the extra of 66½ cents.

Against the total of $2.88½ per share, the company in 1941 earned $3.75 per share, after providing $450,000 for wartime contingencies, an amount equal to $1.06 per common share. Earnings in 1940 (without any such special provision) were $3.72 per share, in 1939 $3.59, in 1938 $2.71 and in 1937 $3.51.

The principal item of the company's business is the manufacture and distribution of multiple copy forms necessary for the control and speedy handling of practically every kind of business operation. There is at present a heavy demand for these products, with governmental organizations as well as civilian corporations being heavy users. One reason for interest in the shares from a long-term viewpoint, is the fact that after the war, as well as during it, the company will make products essential to transportation, commercial and industrial organizations.

Moore Corporation Limited has no funded or bank indebtedness, and has built up a strong financial position. As at December 31, 1941, net working capital was $8,376,631, comparing with $6,101,615 three years earlier at December 31, 1938. At the end of 1941 current assets of $13,692,455 with 2.58 times current liabilities of $5,315,824.

B.C. PULP & PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What has been done regarding the proposal for settlement of the arrears of interest on the 7 per cent general mortgage bonds of British Columbia Pulp & Paper Company? Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

—*R. C. J., Kitchener, Ont.*

On November 24 last, at Montreal, holders of these bonds sanctioned a plan under which all interest that became due on or prior to May 1, 1942, and interest thereon, would be funded by the issuance of additional bonds to the extent of 40% of the principal amount of bonds held and payment in cash of 35.22% of the principal amount. Of the cash, 18% would be paid in 1942 and 17.22% would be paid in 1943. Each holder of a $1000 bond would receive $400 principal amount of new 7% bonds, and $352.20 in cash in Canadian funds.

Bondholders also authorized modification of the bonds so that payment of interest accruing between May 1, 1942, and May 1, 1945, would be postponed until Nov. 1, 1945, with interest on the face amounts of the coupons from the original maturity dates at the rate of 7% per annum. The company would have the right to make prepayment from time to time of any one or more maturities on 30 days' notice. The bonds also were modified so that principal and interest on present bonds and additional bonds to be issued in funding of interest would be payable in Canadian currency only at the several places designated in Canada. Immediate cancellation of $180,000 of the bonds held by the company, and cancellation of sinking fund payments due in 1942, 1943 and 1944, also was approved.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

FALCONBRIDGE Nickel Mines will begin 1943 with plant capacity designed to produce 2,000 tons of nickel per month. This rate of 24,000 tons of nickel annually will involve handling close to 850,000 tons of ore. Remembering that nickel is worth nearly $700 per ton, it follows that this great nickel producing enterprise is in line for an annual output of some $16,000,000 in nickel. The plant additions are in course of being tuned up. They will come into play in January and are expected to establish a rate of over 2,300 tons of ore daily.

•

Hon. Gordon D. Conant, premier of Ontario, has sounded a warning calculated to improve the outlook for the gold mining industry of Canada. Mr. Conant referred to the attitude of the Dominion Government as being "bewildering to say the least." Mr. Conant further stated in part: "Without claiming to be an expert or to have any special knowledge of economics, 'gold standards' and all the ramifications of national and international finance, I do venture the opinion that it would be a calamity, taking the long range view, if our gold mining industry in this province was sabotaged."

•

Gold production from the mines of Ontario for 1942 will exceed $103,000,000 according to preliminary estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT. The outlook is that the output will be about $18,000,000 below the 1941 record. This is attributed to shortage of labor and supplies.

•

Aluminum Company of Canada is quoted as having laid out some $40,000,000 to $45,000,000 on expansion programs, during the course of which about 75 per cent of the planned expansion has been completed.

•

The labor situation shows continued signs of becoming easier as one big construction job after another draws toward an end. With the ground work being finished a greater number of hands will be available for actual operations to the end that the productivity of industry appears to be in line for still greater records.

•

International Nickel Company of Canada has approximately 700 women now on its pay rolls.

•

The population of the community of Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories has declined from a high peak of 2,500 in the early days of the war to an estimated 1,000 at present. The Ruth and Ptarmigan have ceased operations for the duration of the war. This leaves three small producers in operation. Prospecting has practically ceased in the area.

•

The Bank of Canada report for October-November shows that 484 Canadian companies had an operating profit of $874,000,000 in 1941 before taxes and depreciation. These companies paid $235,000,000 in dividends, and also paid $295,000,000 in taxes. Taxes and depreciation combined to make a total of $501,000,000, leaving a net profit of $373,000,000. Approximately $136,000,000, or considerably more than one half of the dividend disbursements were accounted for by the non-ferrous metal mines and gold mines.

•

Gold production in Canada can readily be raised to a higher level than ever before in the history of this country just as soon as sufficient labor and material becomes available. This opinion is based upon these facts: First, the mines have the equipment on hand which enabled the operators to establish their former records. Second, is the fact that large new installations were completed just about the time the order came to forego further employment of men for the time being so as to permit miners to go in greater numbers to the base metal mines. When the war ends, the original mining plants will be available for full operation, and added to which will be the new equipment which has been installed but which has not yet been brought into use.

•

Negus Gold Mines made a net profit of $182,208 during the fiscal year ended July 31. This was after taxes and depreciation. Although the enterprise is comparatively small, having averaged 67 tons of ore per day, yet current assets of $515,500 have been built up, including $249,721 in supplies. Liabilities are $112,877.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, after remaining in an accumulation area in 1941 and part of 1942, are now in an advancing stage with various technical indications pointing to this advance as being major in character.

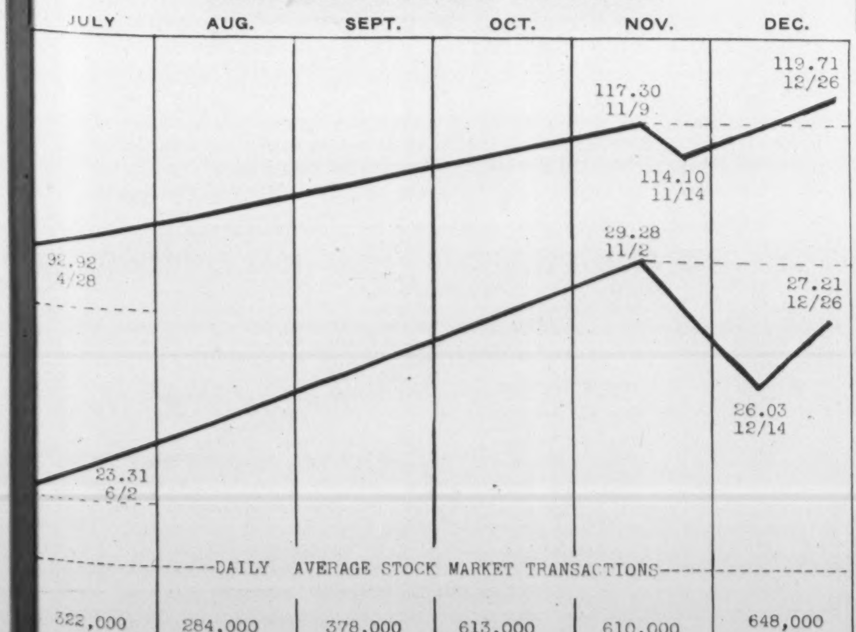
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn in the New York stock market developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

SUGGEST RETENTION OF HOLDINGS BUT NO GENERAL BUYING NOW

We commented last week on the fact that new highs for the year by the industrial average had, aside from the current year, been witnessed on but four occasions during the past twenty-two years—1921, 1924, 1927 and 1928. We added that each of those years had been immediately followed by months of fairly substantial upside progress on the part of stocks and expressed the hope that 1942's year-end spurt into new high ground would prove another happy augury for the year ahead. One additional fact of minor technical interest might be added to the above comment, namely, that in each of the four instances cited the market, entirely aside from its broader action, sold higher in each succeeding January than its high for the previous December. January is normally a month when the investment demand for securities is rather heavy, based upon December interest and dividend disbursements, and it would be logical to expect that the forces making for prominent market strength in any December would be further emphasized in January.

During the course of the intermediate recovery from April of this year, bursts of market strength have, as during last month, been quickly followed by a subsidence in activity. As a result, the public has not become overextended, nor has the technical position of the market become top-heavy. While, at one time and another, evidences of minor distribution have put in their appearance, we have observed, as yet, no indications suggesting intermediate or major distribution of stocks. On this basis we have continued to advise the retention of holdings. In view of the rather sustained advance, both in duration and extent, that the market has enjoyed since April, however, we have advised against general buying, except for new stock buyers who may be all in cash or for those wishing to take purely a trading position.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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J. ALDERIC RAYMOND
PRESIDENT

142

ABOUT INSURANCE

When Double Indemnity is and is Not Payable

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Double Indemnity provisions in life insurance policies ordinarily provide that a benefit will be paid in addition to the natural death benefit upon receipt of due proof that the insured's death resulted directly and independently of all other causes from a bodily injury sustained solely through external, violent and accidental means and within a specified period of the date of such injury.

That there is a need for such protection is borne out by insurance statistics, which show that accidents and particularly motor mishaps account for about 30 per cent of the total number of first-year deaths in all companies, and for a much higher percentage in some companies.

WHEN the U.S. destroyer *Reuben James* was sunk by a torpedo in the North Atlantic west of Iceland during the night of October 30, 1941, while engaged in convoy duty, one of the crew lost at sea was Anthony Stankus, a seaman, second class, who held a life insurance policy containing the Double Indemnity clause with a well-known insurance company. It will be recalled that the United States was not then at war.

Upon claim being made under the policy by Marcella Stankus, the named beneficiary, the insurance company paid the face amount of the policy but denied liability for double indemnity. The beneficiary then brought an action against the company to recover the amount. While the policy in question provided for the payment of double indemnity by the company upon receipt of proof that the death of the insured "resulted directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries effected solely through external, violent and accidental means," it also contained this exception, "such double indemnity shall not be payable if the insured's death resulted directly or indirectly from . . . (d) war or any act incident thereto."

Term "War" Not Limited

It was contended on behalf of the beneficiary that the policy excepted only a war in which the United States was a participant, and that as the United States was not engaged in any war on October 30, 1941, the death of the insured could not have resulted from a war as that term was employed in the policy.

At the trial of the action to recover double indemnity, judgment was given in favor of the beneficiary by the Superior Court of Worcester County, Mass., but this finding was reversed and judgment rendered in favor of the insurance company by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. It was held by this court that the words of an insurance policy, in the absence of ambiguity, must be given their usual and ordinary meaning, and that the term "war" was not limited, restricted or modified by anything appearing in the policy. The clause exempting the insurance company from liability where death is caused by war was held to be not restricted in its operation to a death that had resulted from a war prosecuted by the United States.

It was further held that the sinking by German or Italian submarines of ships belonging to a belligerent nation or ships of another nation convoying war materials and supplies to a belligerent nation is the usual result of waging war by one nation against another, and that the torpedoing of the *Reuben James* while convoying vessels engaged in such traffic was an act that arose out of the prosecution of such war. The death of the insured, it was held, arose directly or indirectly from war and was not a risk covered by the double indemnity provisions of the policy.

An interesting comment made by the court was that the existence of a state of war is not dependent upon any formal declaration of war, and that out of 118 wars that occurred between 1700 and 1872 it has been stated that in hardly ten of them did formal declarations precede the commencement of hostilities.

Death Due to War Excluded

It is now well-established that death resulting directly or indirectly from war is not covered under the double indemnity provisions of a life insurance policy. It should be noted, too, that under the usual form of double indemnity clause, in order to qualify for this accidental death benefit the death must occur within ninety days of the date of injury and before the insured reaches age 60, or 65 in some cases.

In brief, this clause does not cover death from suicide, self-inflicted injuries, violation of law by the insured, military, naval or police duty, riot, insurrection, war, aeronautic or submarine activities, disease or bodily infirmity, poison, gas, infections except those caused by external accidental cut or wound, non-visible injuries except drowning, or internal injuries revealed by autopsy. The benefit terminates at age 60 or 65 as the case may be, or upon surrender of the policy or its continuance under extended insurance, or upon engagement in military or naval service in time of war. This clause does not become incontestable after two or three years, as is the case with other provisions of the policy, but remains contestable throughout the term of the policy.

Accident Death Rate High

Notwithstanding these limitations, which have been found necessary to keep the cost to the insured at a low figure, there is no doubt that the double indemnity benefit makes a strong appeal in these strenuous times to men now enjoying the best of health who, while they may reasonably feel that the contingency of total disability or death by disease is rather a remote one, see too many examples of death by accident not to be aware of the need for such coverage. They are accordingly glad to pay a dollar or two additional per $1,000 to have the face amount of their policies doubled in the event of their death by accident.

That the risk of death by accident has assumed serious proportions among life insurance policyholders as well as among the rest of the population is shown by the carefully compiled and accurate statistics of the insurance companies. Accidents and especially automobile mishaps now account for about 30 per cent of the total number of first-year deaths in all companies, and for a much higher percentage in some companies.

While the double indemnity clause is often described as covering accidental death, the double indemnity is clearly intended to be payable if death is due to injuries caused by accidental means. One authority contends that "before there can be liability for the results of an injury, it must be shown that not only was such injury accidental in the sense that it was unforeseen, unfortunate, and not brought about by design, but that the means by which it was effected were also accidental. There must be an accident brought about by an accident. The vital distinction is between the means and the result. Both must be accidental." It is to be noted that the distinction between result and means is more important in determining liability for death than in deciding whether to pay for disability caused by accidental injuries.

Liberal-minded companies are not inclined to interpret some of the restrictions and exceptions too literally. For instance, with respect to the "violation of law" exception it is well known that a company would hesitate to refuse payment if a policyholder was killed while driving a car in excess of the speed limit or was killed because he failed to stop at a "stop" street, or because he drove past a red light. But it is regarded as against public policy to pay a bonus, as it were, for the more flagrant law violations.

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

For some years I have been insured under a group policy. The rate in 1935 was $1.14 a month per $1,000; it is now $2.18, and starting in January, 1943, the rate will be $2.45. There is no age limit to the continuance of the group policy, but I am faced with a possible further increase of rates. I am considering the suggestion that I drop this policy and take a 10-year policy with the Mutual Life of Canada. My age is 61, and the premium would be $121.01 per $1,000, making the cost in ten years, $1,200.10, while the cash surrender then would be $1,000, the accrued dividends on 1942 schedule, $150, or a total of $1,150, making the net cost for the ten years, $50.01, an average yearly cost of $5.01. I would like your opinion as to the advisability of dropping the group insurance and taking this policy.

—S. L. P., Ingersoll, Ont.

As your group insurance is evidently on the usual yearly renewable term plan, the rate being based each year on the claim experience of the previous year, the rate will naturally increase as the average age of those comprising the group increases unless offset by the addition of new members at younger ages. This type of insurance furnishes protection against the death hazard at lows cost per $1,000 as long as the average age of the group is kept at a reasonable figure, which is usually the case in industrial and commercial establishments, where the influx of new members at the younger ages more or less offsets the effect of the advancing age of the older members.

This type of insurance does not take the place of an individual policy on a person's life, although it is valuable as a supplement to such a policy. There is no savings element in group incurance, no cash or loan value, or no paid up value, however long the insurance is continued. Therefore it does not answer the requirements of the average individual for insurance as well as the individual policy. In the case of the individual policy, such as the one you refer to, you would be building up cash values which could be utilized to advantage in later years, when the need for family protection may no longer exist. If it is a question of choice between the two policies, as you are not in a position to carry both, I would advise taking the individual policy.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

Will you please give me some information about the Continental Casualty Company, particularly as to their genuineness, and the soundness of their financial position?

—S. I. D., Hamilton, Ont.

Continental Casualty Company, with head office at Chicago and Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1897, and has been doing business in Canada since 1917. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with. Its premium rates are low for the benefits furnished.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were $1,028,952, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $495,585, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $533,367. Its total assets were $45,144,660, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $32,584,660, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $12,560,000. As the paid up capital was $2,500,000, the net surplus over capital, unearned premium reserves and all liabilities was $10,060,000, showing a very strong financial position.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

The North American Accident Insurance Company advertises an accident policy that furnishes various accident and sickness benefits, such as $25 per week for accident or sickness, with an extra $25 if confined in a hospital. It also contains other clauses that sound very good, all at a total cost of $12 per year. Could you tell me if this is a desirable organization with which to insure.

—R. K. A., New Westminster, B.C.

There are two companies with the name, North American Accident Insurance Company, one with head office at Montreal, and the other with head office at Chicago and a special department office at Newark, N.J. The former is a Canadian company, regularly registered and licensed for the transaction of insurance in this country, and with a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. This company is in a strong financial position and is safe to insure with, all claims being readily collectable.

From your letter it would appear that the company referred to is the one with head office at Chicago. This company is not registered or licensed in Canada and has no deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. Accordingly, in case of a claim, payment could not be enforced in the local courts; the claimant would have to take proceedings in the United States where the company has its domicile, which would place him at a serious disadvantage so far as getting his money was concerned. We advise buying insurance only from companies that are regularly licensed in this country and which have deposits with the Government in Canada. In that event, payment of all valid claims can be enforced in the local courts if necessary.

$1,515,315
Dividends returned to policyholders in 1941

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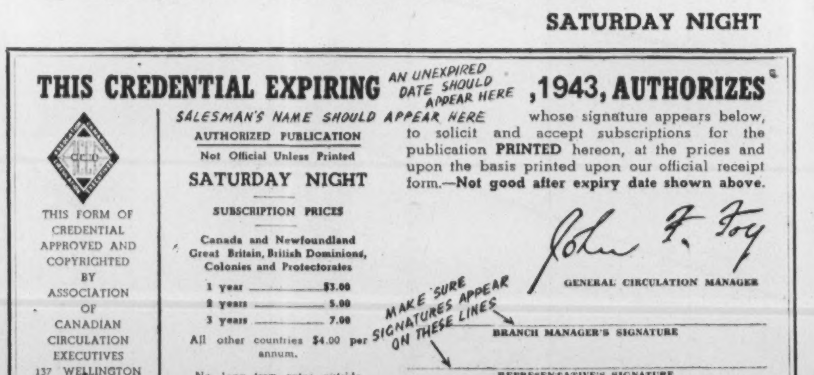
SATURDAY NIGHT



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British Post-War Planning

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Nibt's Financial Correspondent in London

> **Recenly 120 British industrialists proposed a "National Policy fc Industry", the core of which ras that the nation's industry after the war, should be consiered and organized as a whol and speak and act through a Central Council of Industry.**
>
> **Mr. Laton says that these industrialis mean well but that their prosals are unsound. The effe of them, he says, would b to make industry a new este and to create the machine or monopoly in excelsis, en though the intention werthe very reverse.**

London.

THE "National Policy for Industry" which recently appeared with all the weight of its 120 big-name signatories has made a big impression. Previous comments on post-war organization from industrialist groups have not been interpreted kindly. They have savored of an effort to make only those modifications to pre-war practice which were necessary to prevent the plans from being stigmatized as reactionary, and they hardly succeeded even in this, for the majority of critics did call them reactionary.

This new document has tried to avoid the old mistakes. It proposes that industry should be considered and organized as a whole, and that the whole should speak and act through a Central Council of Industry. This Council would be not unlike the House of Commons in its system, deciding general policy and making the necessary provision for its enforcement. That is the means. The end is to achieve the maximum production of goods at the lowest possible prices "compatible with adequate remuneration for those employed." It will be seen that this charter says nothing about the adequate remuneration of the capital employed.

Subject to Parliament

The decisions of the Council would be subject to the overriding authority of Parliament, and a court of appeal appointed by the Government to hear appeal against the rulings of the Council or the sectional associations is a point of the program. What must be the verdict on all this?

First of all, let it be said that there is no ground at all for supporting the accusation already made, that the policy is a design for a brave new world in which vested interests are invested with new potency and surrounded by powerful insulation from the general social influences which should affect industry. There is no doubt that the signatories, and all those who have indicated their adherence to the principles outlined, have been actuated by high motives. They have perceived the compulsion of the tendencies towards social change, and this is their effort to adapt the old wine so that it continues sweet in the new bottle. But there is some justice in the argument that their proposed machinery is ill-devised.

Plainly, the effect of the proposals would be to make industry a new estate. It would be to create the machine for monopoly *in excelsis*, even if the intention were the very reverse, and it would afford no safeguard that in fact the uses of the Central Council would not be antagonistic to individual freedom in trade and to social security. Technical advantages would no doubt proceed from the alchemy, and possibly, also some of the gold of employees' security would also emerge. But who would accept a guarantee of this? And what authority would be prepared to give it, except the authority of the very ones whose intentions would be suspect?

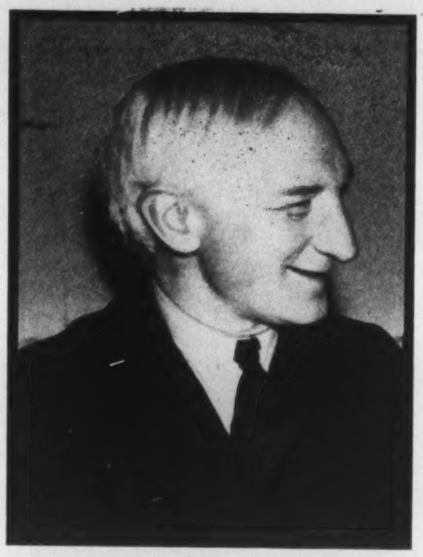
Undemocratic

In a profound sense, it is an undemocratic idea. It is democratic enough as an ideal, to posit a new employment safety, and to plan for the pooling of industrial knowledge, and to combine to afford the highest possible standard of living for workers, and to collaborate to provide Britain with a uniform industrial policy aiming to work on the lowest profit margins compatible with good wages. But there is something wrong with a plan which intends to secure these good things with an apparatus whose more accustomed working is towards the destruction of them.

In industry as in politics, power confers vast responsibility, and just as the political sphere needs its finely-articulated system to prevent the abuse of power so will the industrial sphere. Moreover, the seeds of compulsion, in the real sense of enforcing action upon "disinclined" units, would be likely to be sown early, for it seems, though the scheme is not very clear on thpoint, that membership of the Coun would be compulsory. This must ely mean that the big groups, whi now are the ones that invite the ticism of monopolistic action, wou by their new design for living, cpel the smaller men to agree to cortions of production and selling whicmay suit the big manufacturer vervell but which may not suit the sm manufacturer. It is, of course, pble to argue that such a step wou be an infinitely good thing withithe confines of a program aimeo serve the principle that the firduty of industry is towards the cumer, and in any case the docume states explicitly that special steps would be taken to safeguard the interests of small producers. But these are paper intentions and it may not be possible to achieve them within an organization rooted in soil so different from that which may be expected to yield freedom and altruism.

There is, finally, the statement that the Council would be answerable to Parliament, and would in fact really derive its authority from the assent of Parliament, to its actions. What does this mean? If the Council's proposals were so big that they were measurable in Parliamentary standards, they would be matters on which Parliament should in any case act (we speak here, of course, not of technical matters but of the issues of policy concerning the relation of the Council to the economy). And if Parliament does persistently exercise that concern then there is no need for so ambitious a Council. The benefits of co-operation in industry could be secured without it.

Is there then no good that can come out of this? Not at all. The signatories will not mind strong criticism, for their aims are laudable and they know they cannot at this stage talk in terms of finality. They are perhaps attempting the impossible in suggesting that there can be such warm and helpful liaison between a unified industry and the new post-war society. The trend is really against the idea, and industry may perhaps be on safer ground in working for a bridge rather a tributary by which it can infuse active helpful life into a society working itself out in more positive and more fruitful ways than ever before. No amount of ingenuity will ever square a circle.



Sir William Beveridge, chairman of Britain's Parliamentary Committee on post-war social security plans.

LifeInsurance Utilizing All Its Resources for Victory

STRIPPED essentials for war service, l insurance in Canada is utilizing its resources for Victory, whilerotecting its policyholders on thome front.

"In war tas in peace time, life insurance cnues to play its part in the social economic life of the country," sa. G. Parker, president of the Caian Life Insurance Officers Aiation, this week. "New busi and business in force conti on satisfactory levels, indicatihe confidence of the Canadian pe in the institution and its repntatives. In the last war, as in in prosperity and in depression, in and year out for over 100 y life insurance has served the ple in ever-widening circles, fittiself to the changing cycle of hu needs and national circumstanc

"Today, tusiness is strictly on a war foot Mr. Parker continued. "The unt of policyholders' premium ss invested in war loans is o450 million dollars. That meanat on an average, every policyer has $112 invested in Victory. se investments are actually moeing held in reserve for the protn of, and for future delivery to, our policyholders or beneficiarieey form part of the two and a er billion dollars of assets invesy the companies in Canada anmilarly pledged to meet futurements on behalf of these policers who through their thrift built up this tremendous reservsavings.

"From thssets," Mr. Parker continued, "nsurance companies in Canada baid back to policyholders andficiaries, since the war began, 530 million dollars in benefits a million dollars every workiy."

As to theess itself being on a war foo Mr. Parker said: "Over 2800 irance men are on active natiorvice. Trained company person home and branch offices havssarily been greatly reduced. nks of field forces have been dd. Because of gasoline rationid shortage of man power, manhe extra personal services thaacterized the business in peace time have been eliminated.

"That, of course," Mr. Parker continued, "is only part of the story. Life insurance executives have not only been intimately associated with Dominion government war activities but in every community across Canada life insurance men and women have contributed their services to provincial and municipal war undertakings. As an indication of the value of these services, insurance field men and field women, through their direct canvasses, were instrumental in their territories in obtaining subscriptions during the last Victory loan to a total of over 57 million dollars. And this while servicing an ever-increasing number of policyholders. Life insurance is a necessity. It came into existence because people had to have it. Its benefits are most realized when grim facts emphasize the hazards of life. War emphasizes these hazards. As in 1940 and 1941, hundreds of thousands of new policyholders joined the great family of life insurance owners in 1942. When they did so, they put their savings dollars into the four-fold service of protecting their old age, protecting their dependants, buying Victory Bonds, curbing inflation."

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Company Reports

ROYAL BANK

THE steadily mounting tempo of Canadian business is strikingly reflected in the annual balance sheet just issued by the Royal Bank of Canada for the year ending Nov. 30.

Total assets now stand at $1,291,615,947, the highest point ever reached in the history of the bank.

Deposits by the public have likewise reached an all-time high. The liquid position has been still further strengthened with quickly realizable assets representing 75.44 per cent of the bank's liabilities to the public. From point of view of aggregate assets and liquidity this year's statement is the most impressive ever issued by the bank.

Profits for the year show moderate contraction due to increased Dominion Government taxes, higher operating costs and the fact that comparatively low yields are being obtained on the substantial sums invested in Government bonds.

Total assets have increased by more than $216,000,000 over the figure attained the previous year. Liquid assets show marked expansion and aggregate $906,440,239, as compared with $681,918,309 a year ago. Liquid assets include Dominion and Provincial Government securities, $519,801,345, as compared with $371,231,959 the previous year; United States and British Government securities, $46,029,701, as compared with the previous total of $6,912,050, while cash on hand and deposits with the Bank of Canada, other cash items and bank balances are $261,884,475, up $27,805,766.

Current loans in Canada stand at $255,148,401, an increase of $13,365,000.

Total deposits are higher by $225,000,000 and now stand at $1,181,217,192. Dominion Government deposits at $144,192,823 are substantially higher and this is attributed to the Government depositing with the banks the proceeds of the recent Victory Loan. It is interesting to note that despite substantial withdrawals by the public for the purchase of Victory Bonds, public deposits (excluding Government deposits) have increased from $902,152,676 to $1,002,567,405.

BANK OF TORONTO

THE 87th annual balance sheet of the Bank of Toronto for the year ending November 30, 1942, shows an increase of $9,138,322 in deposits from the public which total $154,833,592. Non-interest-bearing deposits are up $5,693,748 and interest bearing deposits are also higher by $3,444,574, notwithstanding the heavy withdrawals by depositors for investment during the year in Victory Loan bonds. The Dominion Government deposit is up $24,409,201 and Provincial Government deposits show an increase of $107,393.

Liquid assets amount to $144,632,553, an increase of $32,334,585, and are equal to 73.55% of all liabilities to the public.

Dominion and Provincial securities which mature within two years are up $30,568,634, while those of a slightly longer date are higher by $6,529,773. A reduction of $742,366 is shown in other securities, a net increase during the year of $36,356,040.

Commercial loans show an increase of $2,749,255 and amount to $63,009,888, while municipal loans at $3,001,444 are down $436,726.

Profits before federal taxes are $38,857 higher but after providing for increased federal taxes, staff pension fund and all other expenses, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, amount to $1,214,729, a decrease of $156,826. After providing $250,000 for depreciation on bank premises and paying the usual dividend at the rate of 10% on the par value of the shares, the balance at credit of profit and loss account is now $860,530.

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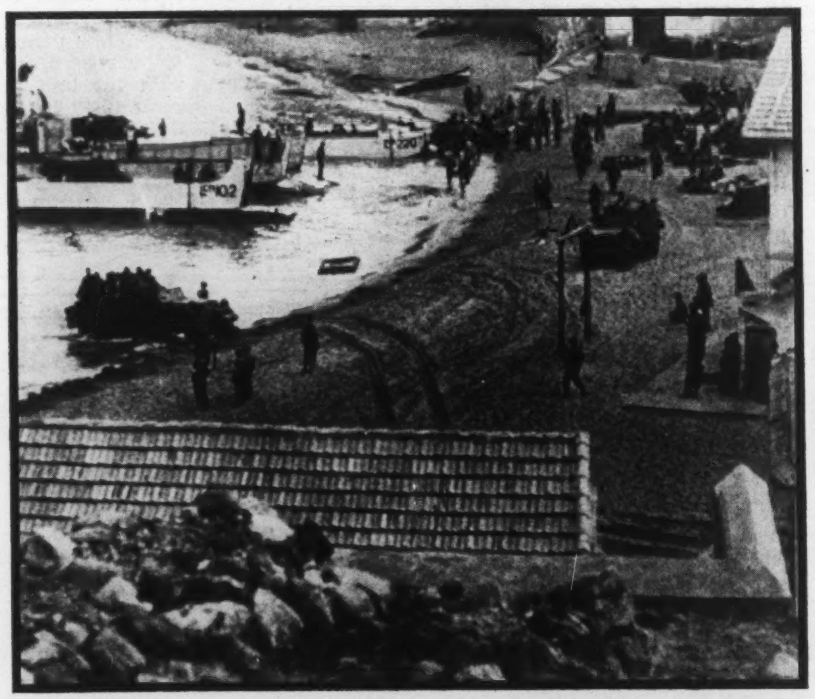
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

On the Tunisian sector of the North African front early this week all indications pointed to an early end of the stalemate which has marked the fighting there throughout nearly all of December. Heavy weather, making for a sea of mud, has been one of the chief factors in slowing operations in Tunisia but recent reports speak of "a break at last in the heavy rains of many days" and suggest resumption of large-scale operations by Allied forces. It was just eight weeks ago that United States troops, supported by British sea and air forces, landed (above) on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of French Africa. By evening of the first day Algiers had been occupied (below) and terms of surrender arranged. Oran and Casablanca held out longer but only until . . .



. . . arrival of heavy American forces whose transports (below) had been landing tank columns well prepared to deal with whatever resistance might develop. Then the advance on Tunisia began, with all of Morocco and Algiers under Allied control. On November 11, the Axis counter-offensive took shape. The Allies, though lacking in air support, had gambled on the chance of being able to take Tunisia before heavy Axis reinforcements could arrive. But Hitler poured in airborne troops by the thousands, forcing the Allies to retire. Now, however, the Allies are well supplied, their air strength is daily increasing and an all-out effort to eliminate the Axis from Tunisia seems about to begin.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Home Fires Burning Low on Coast

BY P. W. LUCE

THE fuel situation in British Columbia is getting steadily worse. In a country where there is unlimited standing timber, much of it within reasonable distance of the cities, the woodyards are empty and thousands of homes are literally without a single stick of firewood. Citizens are borrowing from more fortunate neighbors, tearing down fences and board walks, and breaking up furniture so as to get a little fuel.

Dealers are not accepting orders, and hold out but a forlorn hope that they might have some supplies in a few weeks. The fuel officials of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board are inundated with complaints and appeals, but are unable to do much to help. If the situation is almost desperate they may give the address of some Hindu woodman who is reputed to have a few loads in his yard, but the chances of getting delivery are slim.

Good times are responsible for the fuel shortage. When men could make two or three times more money in the shipyards or industrial plants than by cutting or hauling cordwood, they did not hesitate to jump their job. Selective Service put a crimp in that, but too late. There were no reserves of coal, wood, or sawdust, and not enough truckers to deliver what little there was on hand.

Mayor Cornett, of Vancouver, is advocating the return of Japanese to wood-cutting. It might not be feasible to have them brought back to the coastal area, but there are hundreds of capable axemen and sawyers interned in forest sections of the province who are capable of doing much to solve the fuel problem, and who are willing enough to do this work. The expense of bringing cordwood from interior points to the coast cities would be considerable, and an upward revision of the price scale might be necessary, but as between paying more or having no wood at all the citizens would choose the former.

Schools Lack Fuel

Several of the larger mills have closed down for a lengthy period, thereby aggravating the situation. The official explanation is that the shutdown is for overhauling and repairs, but an impression prevails that the repairs would be quickly finished if the millmen were given a chance to make a bit more profit on their product.

Many schools in the country districts had to close early in December because of lack of fuel. Most of these burn cordwood. The Indians and jackpine homesteaders who usually supply this by contract had found more profitable work last summer. Ashcroft, which uses 85 cords every winter, had only a few cords when cold weather struck, and this went in a couple of weeks, for it gets really cold around Ashcroft.

Up in the Peace River district, where cordwood has been rather too plentiful in past years, some schools closed when the children could no longer stand the cold. Schools which had installed coal heating plants fared no better; there was not enough coal shipped in to keep the fires burning until the Christmas holidays.

Vernon is practically out of sawdust, and Penticton is bringing some in from Monte Lake, 100 miles distant. Scores of other towns are in similar straits.

In Vancouver the schools have put their furnaces on a starvation diet. The Point Grey High School scraped the last shovelful out of the coal bin at eleven o'clock one morning and the principal was about to close the school at noon when a truckload of precious fuel arrived. More than a score of other schools have been running along with only a few days' supply.

The Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster schools each consume from one to two tons of coal every working day. In Vancouver dealers signed a contract in May to supply 6000 tons, but they can't get it from the mines because of the shortage of labor. In normal times pea and nut coal is chiefly used, but now the army and navy are using most of this, and the School Board has to get what it can where it can, if it can.

Many complaints have been made that drivers who deliver sawdust and coal have been gouging customers for extra charges which run as high as $1.25 a load. They demand 50 cents extra to put the fuel in the bin, and some are quite ready to deliver their fuel at the wrong house if there is backsheesh coming their way. The most brazen of these racketeers are said to make up to $200 a month over and above their wages by these extortions.

The authorities are threatening to do something about it.

Less Tuberculosis

Fewer young people in British Columbia are afflicted with tuberculosis than was the case five years ago, according to Dr. W. H. Hatfield, provincial director of the health service division of tuberculosis. There is still a long way to go, however, before the disease may be considered under control.

More older persons are applying for admittance to sanitariums, largely as a result of the long campaign to educate the public to the advantages of early treatment. Too many infectious cases are still at large; Dr. Hatfield is urging the passing of legislation to control these more stringently.

It is notable that tuberculosis has increased in every province except Manitoba and British Columbia, and B.C. is the only province in which deaths from that disease have not shown an upward tendency.

Because of restlessness due to war conditions, it is increasingly difficult to keep patients at rest in bed over long periods at Tranquille and other TB institutions, declares Dr. Hatfield. Many insist on leaving before the disease is sufficiently arrested, and even infectious cases ignore professional advice and return to their homes to spread the scourge among relatives and friends.

Fireboat Wanted

Scores of millions of dollars are invested in ships and waterfront properties in Vancouver, but there is no fireboat on Burrard Inlet to fight a conflagration. Agitation for the purchase of a fireboat has been going on more or less spasmodically for many years, and many times it has seemed as if the necessary craft would be available shortly, but something has always intervened.

Now the city council is approaching Ottawa with a proposal that if the Dominion will provide a boat the city will maintain it.

A satisfactory fireboat would cost approximately $250.000.

The annual operating cost would be around $36,000.

One big fire would cost more than a fireboat. Such fires have happened. A big blaze would be particularly disastrous today because of the number of shipyards and war industries on the waterfront.

Vancouver had a fireboat years ago. While it was not perhaps all that might have been desired, it provided a measure of protection. Unfortunately, it got badly tarred with the political brush. The crew was composed of staunch adherents of one party which was thrown out of office, but could not be dismissed by the new government because of union affiliations.

So the new administration got round this difficulty by having the fireboat declared unseaworthy and retired it from service. No fireboat, no crew composed of men of the wrong political stripe. Also no fire protection for Burrard Inlet. As simple as that!

If a fireboat is eventually acquired it will be staffed by members of the regular brigade, and not by protégés of the party in power. It is believed they could do a better job in an emergency, more especially now that they are being regularly administered "cold tablets" to ward off respiratory troubles. They take one tablet for one week before breakfast under the supervision of their captain, and after that one tablet a week until spring comes again.

No Welcome Now

Don't be surprised if your home town paper runs a display advertisement asking folks to keep away from Victoria and Vancouver. There is no "Welcome" sign hanging out any more, and the glad hand has turned into an icy mitt.

Over four hundred families are looking for accommodation every day in Vancouver alone. Over a hundred of these are living temporarily in basements, and hundreds of others in converted old stores. Some scores are paying hotel rates which eat deeply into their capital; they can't afford to stay there, but they have no other place to go.

Most of the hotels are overcrowded. The loggers who drifted into the cities for a bit of Christmas jollification had the devil's own time to find a place whereon to lay their weary heads, for all their old resorts had the SRO sign hanging out of the front door. One place which used to cater to over 100 woodsmen at this season couldn't accommodate a single one for the 1942 Christmas.

An attempt to induce citizens who have one or two unoccupied rooms to make these available for transient guests ended in lamentable failure. A widespread appeal brought about a score of favorable replies. Many of the householders seemed to fear that if once a lodger got into the house there would be no way of getting rid of him if he proved undesirable. While this was an erroneous conclusion it was just as effective as if it had been correct.

FUNNY THING

WHEN I sally forth
In a blithe frame of mind,
The people I meet
Are charming and kind

But when I fling out
In a wrath-laden mood,
People are grumpy
And downright rude.

What can the matter be?
Me?

MAY RICHSTONE.

Wooden Rubbers

A new use has been found for British Columbia maple. This hard wood is made into soles for shoes that are taking the place of rubbers in ship-building plants and war factories where men have to work in damp spots for many hours at a time.

The wooden soles absorb moisture for only a quarter of an inch. Leather gets wet all the way through, no matter what its thickness. The maple soles are an inch thick, rather clumsy in appearance, but long wearing even if somewhat noisy.

The tops of the shoes are made of leather, which is heavily impregnated with oil for waterproofing.

P. A. Christensen, whose small factory turns out most of the new type of footwear, has been making wooden shoes for a quarter of a century. The demand was quite small until the rubber shortage made it almost impossible to buy the regulation type of gum boots.

Shoes with wooden soles for women have also appeared.